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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

U. S. P. A.

SEE FIFTH PAGE.

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Poetry.

A CHICAGO FATHER.

The mother was sleeping, the baby was weeping,
The father was pacing the floor;
In vain he kept trying to quiet the crying,
The youngster refused to give o'er.

In his garment of white he presented a sight,
That father so lengthy and spare:
And a lullaby low, as he walked to and fro,
He sang to his son and his heir.

Did he think of the day so fat, far away
Before he became doubly blest,
When a wife was unknown, and he lived all alone,
And night was a haven of rest?

Could he be the same that sat in the game
With so many hands he held put?
What wonder he sighed as he dolefully cried:
"And now I hold only this brat!"
—[Chicago Herald.

SONG OF THE CONSUMMATELY SOULFUL.

I shall wed a fair æsthetic,
Quite regardless of expense;
All I ask that she be utter,
And in all things quite intense.
Limp, of course, and lank she must be,
Clad in minor tones of green,
Consummately soulful, earnest,
Must she be, my precious queen.

We shall feast on lilies daily,
Quaffing draughts of beauty fair,
With a dish of ferns on Sunday,
Or a peacock's feather rare.
Thus shall our lives forever,
Like two gentle gurgling rills,
Breathing poesy and too-too,
And her dad shall foot the bills.
—[Washington Post.

POPE AND SULTAN.

The Pope he is a happy man,
His palace is the Vatican,
And there he sits and drains his can;
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

And then there's Sultan Saladin,
That Turkish Soldan, full of sin;
He has a hundred wives at least,
By which his pleasure is increased.
I've often wished, I hope no sin,
That I were Sultan Saladin.

But no, the Pope no wife may choose,
And so I would not wear his shoes.
No wine may drink the proud Paynim,
And so I'd rather not be him.
My wife, my wine, I love, I hope,
And would be neither Turk nor Pope.

TO THE ONE I LOVE.

Thou art not my first love,
For I loved before we met;
And the memory of that Summer's dream
Is pleasing to me yet.

But thou art my last love,
My sweetest and my best;
My heart, but shields its outer leaves
To give thee all the rest.
—[Racket.

Our Story Teller.

THE CANDIDATES FOUGHT.

JASPER Spillers and Mort Pryor were announced as candidates for sheriff of a backwoods county of North Carolina. Each man was known as a good fellow, and both were recognized as men of ability. Jasper could jump farther than any man in the county, but as an offset, Mort could beat him running. Mort could split more rails in a day than any man in the community, but was decidedly inferior to Jasper when it came to covering corn with a hoe. Mort was an acknowledged champion as a fodder-puller, but Jasper could beat him cradling grain. Upon the whole they were so evenly matched that the race, it could be seen, would be a close one, and even men of nerve were unable to decide as to which one they should bet on, knowing that a few votes either way would decide the matter.

One day during a shower of rain

THE TWO CANDIDATES HAPPENED TO MEET under an old shed near the roadside. "How air you gittin' along with yo' canvass, Mort?" Jasper asked, when he had tied his horse and run in out of the rain.

"Fustrate. Think I've knocked down two votes to-day."

"I reckon you'll need all you can knock down every day 'twixt now and the election, and I ruther think it will stand you in hand to git as long a pole as you can find."

"Oh, I've got a putty long one already, and, by the way, I don't think you'd better use no ordinary stick—reckon you'll hafter fling rocks might'ly at the high ones, even if you have a pole 40 foot long."

"Well," said Jasper, "it is hard to tell which one will come out at the big end of the ho'n, but there's one fact about this canvass that ought not to be overlooked, and that is this: There never was a better humored canvass in this county."

"You air right, Jasper," Mort answered, "and I wanter say right now that it will be a mighty long time before I make it otherwise. 'Tis a fair showing the community that men of worth can run agin each other without fallin' out."

"That's so, Mort, but do you know that it is sorter workin' agin us?"

"Why, no, and I don't see how it can."

"I do. It's this way. You know there ain't no community in the world where bravery is more admired than it is right here; and the truth of the matter is, the folks have tuck it into their heads that nuther one of us will fight. I heard it whispered around at Caney Fork this mornin' that there is danger of another man comin' out and beatin' us both. They say that a man that won't fight ain't fitted to be sheriff. Now, when you come to think of it, nobody don't know whuther we will fight or not. I never had a chance to show whuther I am game or not, and I never heard of you havin' a fight."

"I never had no occasion to fight," said Mort. "I would fight, though, if a fellow was to shove me."

"Yes, but the folks don't know it. I'd hate might'ly for some dark horse to come in and beat us, just on account of the folks thinkin' that we won't fight. Say, Mort, I have been thinkin' of a scheme."

"Out with it, then."

"Well, my scheme is this: There is goin to be a log-rollin' over at Featherstone's next Saturday, and there will be some of the best men in the county there. I thought that it would be a good idee for us to meet there and pretend to git in a quarrel, and then one of us challenge the other. We will have our pistols loaded with nothin' but powder and will stand off about ten steps and let drive at each other. We'll fire two or three times as fast as we can, and by that time the people will be satisfied that we will fight and will stop us. Then, you see, it would be impossible for anybody to step in and beat us out of the office."

"Yes, but there can't but one of us be elected."

"I know that, and I thought we might fix it up this way: If I am elected I will give you the chief deputyship and will not run for re-election, but will work for you, and if you are elected, why, you do the same by me."

"I don't think that is a bad plan, Jasper."

"It is a fustrate plan, Mort. Suppose we do it."

"All right, I am agreeable."

A number of men, having tugged at heavy logs for several hours, had gone into the woods to rest, and were sitting under a spreading tree, when some one remarked:

"Yander comes Jasper Spillers. If old Mort don't look out Jas will git ahead of him. Helloa (looking in another direction), hanged if yander don't come Mort, too."

The two candidates reached the spreading tree about the same time, greeted each other pleasantly, and then sitting down, joined in the conversation.

Mort—"How air you runnin', Jasper?"

Jasper—"Like a skeered rabbit, as the feller 'lowed when the snake tuck after him."

Mort—"Have to run faster than that or I'll tramp on yo' heels."

Jasper—"Wall, now, when you git to trampin' on my heels you'll find your own feet flyin' mighty peart, I can tell you. I have been hearin' a good deal of yo' bragging lately, and I jest want to tell you that if this was a boastin' match, you would take the blue ribbin."

FIRE AT THE DROP OF A HAT.

Mort—"I don't know about that. I hear that when you were over at Whiteman's mill the other day, you 'lowed that you would not only beat me, but that you ought to, as you air the best man in every way—'lowed that you could cock a pistol at me and skeer me mighty nigh to death."

Jasper—"Who 'lowed I said that?"

Mort—"Never mind; I heard it."

Jasper—"Wall, now, the man that told you is a liar. Understand?"

Mort—"You'd better not tell him so."

Jasper—"I'd tell him it or anybody else so, and more than this, I'll tell you right to yo' teeth that if you believe it you believe a lie, and still farther, I think you would ruther believe a lie than the truth."

Old Man Featherstone—"Come, now, boys, don't talk that way. We all thought you was goin' to git along so well in this canvass, and I am mighty sorry to hear you talk like that."

Mort—"Anybody can get along with me as long as he acts half way right, but when a man comes a rubbin' my fur the wrong way just for his own fun and won't quit even when he sees that it hurts me, why I won't stand it."

Mort—"Now, look here, Mr. Tenderness, I want to tell you that I don't propose to put up with you much longer. I have stood you for a good while and it is about time that there was a let up. Hear me?"

Jasper—"I ain't very deaf. And now as to the putting part, w'y you needenter put up with me five minutes longer. You may take yo' own choice in the matter—put up with me or not put up, jest as you see fit."

Mort—"Wall, now, when I stop puttin' up with you something will happen to make you ricolleck it. I'm a quiet sorter feller, me, but when a man keeps on a shovin,' w'y the lamb part of me dozes off to sleep and the tiger part suddenly wakes up with its mouth open."

Jasper—"I knowed that sort of a feller once. He had the lamb part and the tiger part jest like you've got, and one day the lamb part dozed off to sleep and the tiger part woke up with its mouth open, and shortly afterwards the lamb part was buck jumpin' through the low ground, a blatin' every jump and with mighty nigh all the wool scorched often him; and the tiger part—well, that evenin' some fellers saw something layin' side the road. They went up and examined it and what do you think they found? I'll tell you: They found some broken claws and a streaked de that was so full of slashes and gashes that it wouldn't have held wheat straw. Them broken claws and that hide once belonged to the tiger part."

Featherstone—"Come, now, boys, you have bantered enough. I have seed many a banterin' match start out in fun and wind up with somebody gittin' hurt. The difference betwixt fool and wise men is this: Wise men know when to quit and fools don't; so now, boys, jest act like wise men. It is jest as easy to be wise as it is to be foolish, with the great advantage that you never have nothin' to regret when you have been wise. Come, men, let's git back over thar and pile up them logs. I want to git 'em fired fore' another rain comes."

Mort—"Jest wait awhile, gentlemen. This feller here has said things that I won't stand. He has slandered me before some of the voters of this county—has lied about me on numbers of occasions, and now he's got to answer for it."

Jasper—"If you say that I have slandered you before voters or anybody else, you are a liar."

Mort—"That settles it. If you have an ounce of pluck, step off there about ten steps and we will have it out."

The scene was now one of intense excitement. Old Featherstone and several other friends attempted to prevent trouble, but seeing that a fight was bound to come, stepped back and told the candidates to fight as brave men should. Ten steps were counted off and it was agreed that the candidates should

A young fellow named Danvers—keen to the "sport," took off his hat and holding it up, said:

"If anybody shoots befo' this hat falls it won't be good for him. It has been a long time since we had any fun in this here community, and I reckon I am a little more honest than the rest of the fellers when I say I am glad to see that all the spunk ain't dead yit. Look out, now!"

The hat struck the ground. Two pistol shots were blended into one report. Both men fell dead. Each one had attempted to play a villainous trick.—[Opie P. Read in Arkansaw Traveler.

Robbie Would Order Things.

Robbie—Wasn't it awful coming out of the theater last night?

Mamma—Yes; the crowd crushed terribly.

Robbie—If I had a theater I'd have things different. In order to protect people from being hurt in the crush I'd have a sign like this posted up: "When the curtain drops everybody must sit still till the crowd goes out."—[Philadelphia Times.

Who He Would Have to Pay.

Oldboy—I am heartily glad to find you so much better.

Dumley—Yes, I have been a very sick man, but I am all right now, thanks to Dr. Pillsbury.

Oldboy—You should rather say "thanks to Providence," for it was Providence that wrought your cure.

Dumley—Well, you just wait and see who sends in the bill.—[America.

TOOK 233 DEGREES.

One Man's Wife Learns a Few New Things About Masonry.

A middle-aged lady, with a black alpaca dress, wore shiny at the elbows, and a cheap shawl and bonnet, and her hands pucked up and blue, as though she had just got her washing out, went into the office of a prominent Mason a few mornings since, and took a chair.

She wiped the perspiration from her face on a blue checked apron, and when the Mason looked at her with an interested, brotherly look, as though she was in trouble, she said:

"Are you the boss Mason?"

He blushed, told her he was a Mason, but not the highest in the land.

She hesitated a moment, fingered the corner of her apron, and curled it up like a boy speaking a piece in school, and asked:

"Have you taken the whole 233 degrees of Masonry?"

The man laughed and told her there were only 33 degrees, and that he had only taken 32. The other degree could only be taken by a very few, who were recommended by the grand lodge, and they had to go to New York to get the 33d degree.

The lady studied a minute, unpinned the safety pin that held her shawl together and put it in her mouth, took a long breath and said:

"Where does my husband get the other 200 degrees, then?"

The prominent Mason said he guessed her husband never got 200 degrees unless he had a degree factory. He said he didn't understand the lady.

"Does my husband have to sit up with a corpse three nights a week?" she asked, her eyes flashing fire. "Do you keep a lot of sick Masons on tap for my husband to sit up with?"

The prominent Mason said he was thankful that few Masons died, and only occasionally was one sick enough to call for Masonic assistance. Why did she ask?

"Well, my husband began to join the Masons about two years ago, and he has been taking degrees or sitting up with people every night since, and he comes home at all times of the night smelling of beer and cheese. I thought at first that the cheese was the result of his going to the morgue to help carry brother Masons home after they had been found in the river. I have kept a little track of it, and I figure that he has taken 233 degrees, including the great skyfugle degree, which he took the night he came home with his lip cut and his ear hanging by a piece of skin."

"Oh, madam," said the prominent Mason, "there is no skyfugle degree in Masonry. Your husband has lied to you."

"That's what I think," said she, as a baleful light appeared in her eye. He said he was taking the skyfugle degree, and fell through the skylight. I had him sewed up, and he was ready for more degrees.

"After he had taken, I think, about 150 degrees, I told him I should think he would let up on it, and put some potatoes in the cellar for winter; but he said when a man once got started on the degrees he had to take them all or he didn't amount to anything.

"Sometimes a brother Mason comes home with him along in the morning, and they gab about a 'full flush,' and they both act full as they stand on the steps and gab about their 'pat hands,' and 'raising 'em out,' and 'calling,' and 'bob-tail flush.' Mister, is 'I stand pat' your password?"

The Mason told her it was not. That the words she had spoken was an expression used by men when playing draw poker, and he added that he didn't believe her husband was a Mason at all, but that he had been lying to her all these years.

She sighed and said: "That's what I thought when he came home with a lot of ivory chips in his pocket."

"He said they used them at the lodge to vote on candidates, and that a white chip elects and a blue chip rejects a candidate.

"If you look the matter up and see if he has joined the Masons I will be obliged to you. He says he has taken all the 233 degrees, and now the boys want him to join the Knights of Pythias. I want to get out an injunction to prevent him from joining anything else until we get some underclothes for winter.

"I'll tell you what I will do. The next time he says anything about skyfugle degree and consistory nonsense I will use a washboard and cause him to believe there is one degree in Masonry he has missed.—Peck's Sun.

A Boy's Effort.

Below is a copy of a veritable composition on "Breathing," written by a Kentucky boy:

BREATHING.

Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver and our kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life agoing through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out doors. Boys in a room make carbonicide. Carbonicide is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonicide got in that black hole and killed nearly every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeezes the diagram. Girls can't run or holler like boys because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl, I rather be a boy, so I can holler and run and have a great big diagram. —[Boston Times.

His Reform Now Possible.

"Samantha, I wish I could break myself of the slavish habit of smoking!" said Mr. Chugwater, despairingly. "I'd give worlds if I could do it!"

Will you be guided by my advice, Josiah?" asked Mrs. Chugwater.

"What do you know about such things?" he demanded.

"Never mind what," she replied. "Will you promise to do exactly what I prescribe?"

"For how long?"

"For about two weeks."

"Oh yes," he said listlessly. "Go ahead with your prescription."

Mrs. Chugwater left the room and returned in a moment with a box of 100 cigars.

"Josiah," she said tenderly. "I bought these of a peddler for fifty cents, and I've been saving them for you. You will smoke fourteen of them every day till they are all gone.—]Chicago Tribune.

Assister to His Daughter.

"Say, pop," said Johnny Blimkins, "Charley Sawyer's going to elope with sister Mary to-night. He's got a ladder hid in the barn."

"You don't say so. Wait till I go in and tell your mother, so's she won't think it's burglars and kick up racket. An', Johnny, you kin hang around outside, and hold the ladder if Charley wants ye too."—[Washington Post.

Didn't Know John.

After the Service. Widow Weeds—Whom was Mr. Prooftext referring to when he spoke of "this woman stricken with grief?"

"Why, didn't you know he was referring to you?"

Widow Weeds—Was he? But then he didn't know John.—[Boston Transcript.

A Charitable Family.

First Tramp—"I could have told you that you wouldn't get anything at that house."

Second Tramp—"Well, I was just up there and found a plate waiting for me at the door."

"What kind of a plate?"

"Why, a door-plate!"—[Yonkers Statesman.

A Waste of Money.

Husband—Well, my dear, what did the magnetic physician say to you?

Wife—He says I am a sick woman, and that my nervous system is not in equilibrium. He says I am too positive.

Husband—Humph! I could have told you that and saved half a guinea.—[Exchange.

Sunday on Horseback.

He rode a horse all Sunday,
He rode him with a vim;
On Monday he is feeling
As if the horse rode him.
—[Washington Star.

Our Serial Story.

Written for THE BLADE by Marion Harland. Copyright 1890.

CHAPTER II.

THE almost unearthly stillness of the fragrant May night was, as often happens at that lovely, uncertain season, the precursor of a rainy day.

Hetty Alling, awakening at 4 o'clock to plan for the work that lay before the transplanted household, heard the first drops fall upon the tin roof of the piazza under her window like the patter of tiny, stealthy feet scaling the eaves and combing, then advancing boldly in rank and rush until the beat was the reverberant roar of a spring flood.

It awoke nobody else under the parsonage roof-tree. Hester slept soundly beside her. She never slept quietly. In addition to the spinal disease which warped the poor girl's figure she suffered from an affection of the throat that made her respiration in slumber a rattling snore, interrupted at regular intervals by a gurgle that sounded like strangulation. So audibly distressing was it that her father could not sleep within two rooms of her, and the healthy occupants of the intervening nursery complained that "nothing was done to break Hester of making such a racket. If she wanted to stop it she could."

Her young aunt and room-mate knew better. Hester had shared her bed for almost nine years. Mrs. Wayt's orphaned sister was but fourteen when she came to live in the parsonage, then situate in Cincinnati. It had been a hard winter with the pastor's wife. While her mother lay dying in Ithaca, N. Y., her then only daughter, the first-born of her flock, a beautiful, vivacious child of eight, met with the accident which crippled and dwarfed her for life. The telegram announcing Mrs. Alling's illness was answered by one saying that Hester was at the point of death. She had just passed the first doubtful stage upon the return journey, lifeward, when Hetty, in her new black frock, insisted upon relieving the grief-worn watcher over the wreck that could never be put together again.

Lying in strange quarters in a strange town at the dreariest hour of the twenty-four, Hetty recalled that as the date when the load of care, now an integral part of herself, was first fastened upon her. She had before this likened it to a needle she had once, in childish wantonness, run under the bark of a young willow and seen disappear gradually from view as the riven bark grew over it, until, at the end of a year, not a vestige of the steel remained, except a ridge which never was smoothed away. She was not exactly penniless. The portion left her by her mother was judiciously invested by her grandfather, and yielded her exactly $400 a year. It was transmitted promptly, quarterly, until she was of age, by which time she was so rooted and grounded in prudence that she continued to draw the like amount at equal periods.

"It is enough to dress her," Mrs. Wayt had said to her husband, in seeking his sanction to her offer of a home to one who stood alone in the world save for her sister, and an uncle who had lived in Japan for twenty years. "And she is welcome to her board—is she not, Percy dear?"

"Welcome, dear love? Can you ask the question with regard to your only sister—poor, motherless lamb! While we have a roof between us and the sky and a crust of bread between us and starvation, she shall share both. Let *me* write the letter!"

The epistle was almost tattered with many readings when Hetty became an inmate of her brother-in-law's home. She had not kept it until now. That was not strange, Fairhill being the latest in a succession of "settlements" to which the brilliant gospeller had accepted calls, generally unanimous and almost invariably enthusiastic. There were three children at Hetty's coming—her own and her mother's namesake, Hester, and Percy and Perry, the twin boys. Four had been born since, but two had not outlived early infancy. Mr. Wayt would not have been a preacher of the period had he not enriched some of his most effective discourses with illustrations drawn from these personal bereavements.

His celebrated apostrophe to a 6-months-old daughter, beginning—"Dear little Susie! She had numbered but a brief half-year of mortal life, but she was loving and beloved! I seem to feel the soft strain of her arms about my neck this moment" is too familiar to my readers through newspaper reports, to need repetition here. The sermon embodying this gem of poetic and rhetorical emotion is known to have won him calls to three churches.

It was still dark when Hetty's ear caught the muffled thud of feet upon the garret stairs. Wherever providence and parish preferences cast the lot of the Wayts, Homer's bedroom was nearest the heavens that were hot by summer and cold by winter.

"I don' set no store by ceilin's," he told Hetty when she "wished they could lodge him better." "Seems if 'twas naturaller fur to see the beams purty nigh onto my nose when I fus' wake in the mornin'. I'm kind o' lonesome fur 'em when I caant butt me head agin the top o' me room when I'm a mindter.

At another time he confided to her that it was "reel socibul-like to hear the rain onto the ruff, clus' to a feller's ears o' nights."

He was on his way down to the kitchen now to light the fire. Unless she should interfere, he would cook breakfast, and serve it upon the table she had set over night, and sweep down the stairs and scrub the front door-steps while the family ate the morning meal. He called himself "Tony," as did all the family except Hetty and Mrs. Wayt. The former had found *"Homer Smith, Jr."* written in a sprawling hand upon the fly-leaf of a song-book which formed the waif's entire library. Hetty had notions native to her own small head. One was that the—but for her—friendless lad would respect himself the more if he were not addressed by what she called "a circus monkey's name." For this reason he was "Homer" to her, and her sister followed her example because she considered the factotum and whatever related to him Hetty's affair, and that she had a right to designate her chattel by whatever title she pleased.

Tony had come to the basement door one snowy, blowy day of a particularly cruel winter, when Hetty was maid-of-all-work. He stood knee-deep in a drift when she opened the grated door and asked, hoarsely but without a touch of the beggar's whine, for "a job to keep him from starvin'." He was, as he "guessed," 20 years of age, emaciated from a spell of "newmoney," and so nearly blind that the suggestion of a "job" was pitiably preposterous. Hetty took him into her neat kitchen, made him a cup of tea and cut and plied him with bread and butter until he asserted that he was "right-up-an'-down chirpy, jes' as strong as enny man. Couldn't he rake out the furnace, or saw wood, or clear off the snow, or clean shoes, or scrub the stairs, or mend broken things, or wash windows, or peel pertators, or black stoves, or sif ashes, or red-up the cellar—or—or—somethin', to pay for his dinner? I ain't no beggar, ma'am—nor never will be!"

Hetty hired him as a "general utility man," at ten cents a forenoon and his breakfast for a week—then, for a month. He lodged wherever he could—in stable-lofts, at the police-station, under porches on mild nights, and when other resorts were closed, in a midnight refuge, and never touched a drop of liquor or tobacco in any form. At the month's end, his girlish patroness cleared a corner of the attic between the sharp gable and the chimney, set up a cot, and allowed him to sleep there. Mr. Wayt had no suspicion of the disreputable incumbent of the habitation honored by his name and residence, until one memorable and terrible March midnight, when a doctor must be had without the delay of an instant, revealed the secret, but under circumstances that strengthened the retainer's hold upon his employers. Since then, he had been part and parcel of the establishment, proving himself as proficient in removals and settlings-down as in other branches of his business.

Mr. Wyat liked to allude to him as "Hetty's Freak." At other times he nicknamed him "Kasper Hauser." Once and once only, in reference to Hetty's influence over the being he chose to regard as

half-witted, he spoke of him as "a masculine Undine," whereupon his sister-in-law turned upon him a look that surprised him and horrified his wife, and marched out of the room.

Mrs. Wyat followed her presently and found her gazing out of the window of the closet to which she had fled, with livid face and dry eyes that were dangerously bright.

"Percy hopes you were not hurt by his harmless little jest," said the gentle wife. "You know, Hetty, it would kill me if you and he were to quarrel. He has the kindest heart in the world, and respects you too sincerely to offend you knowingly. You must not mind what sounds like extravagant speech. We cannot judge men of genius as we would ordinary people. And, dear, for my sake, be patient!"

The girl yielded to the weeping embrace of the woman whose face was hidden upon her shoulder.

"Mr. Wayt"—she never gave him a more familiar title—"can not hurt me except through you, Fanny. You and he must know that by now. I will try to keep my temper better in hand in future, if I can."

Hetty was young and energetic, and used to hard work. She had put the children to bed early on the evening of their arrival in Fairhill; sent her sister, who had a sick headache, to her chamber before Mr. Wayt returned from the Gilchrist's; giving Hester's aching limbs a hot bath and a good rubbing, and only allowed Homer to help her unpack boxes until half-past ten, not retiring herself until midnight. The cup-loud of furniture which had preceded the family and was put in place by the neighborly parishioners, looked scantly forlorn in the roomy manse. The Ladies' Aid association had asked the privilege of carpeting the parlors, dining-room, stairs and halls, and Judge Gilchrist, instigated by his wife, headed a subscription that fitted up the pastor's study handsomely. The sight of this appartment had more to do with Hetty's short speech last night and her downhearted ness this morning than the newness of quarters and the knowledge of the nearly spent "housekeeping purse."

"The people will expect us to live up to that study!" she divined, shrewdly staring into the blackness that began to show two gray lights where windows would shape themselves by and by. "And we can not do it—strain and save and turn and twist as we may. We are always cut out on a scant pattern, and not a button means without starting a seam. How sick and tired I am of it all! How tired I am of everything! What if I were to lie still as other girls—as real young ladies do—and sleep until I'm rested out—rested all through! I should enjoy nestling down among the pillows and pulling the covers about my head, and listening to the rain as much as the laziest butterfly of them all. What's the use of trying to keep things on their feet any longer when they must go down with a crash sooner or later?

"I'm awfully sorry for Hetty Alling!" This was the summing up of the gloomy reverie. In saying it inwardly, she raised herself to pinch the pillow savagely, and doubled it into a higher prop for her restless head. She is lonely and homesick, and hasn't a friend in the world. She never can have an intimate friend for reasons she knows so well, and she is sometimes ready to curse God and die.

"There! Hester, dear! I only moved you a little to make you lie easier. No! it is not time to get up. Don't talk dear, or you'll wake yourself up."

She was never cross with the afflicted child, but in her present mood, the moan and gurgle of her obstructed respiration went through her brain like the scraping of a saw. The change of position did not make the breathing more quiet, and Hetty got up with the general out-of-tune-activeness, best expressed by saying that "one's teeth are all on edge." She dressed by candle-light, to save gas, and groped her way down the unfamiliar back stairs to the kitchen.

It was commodious and well-appointed, with a pleasant outlook by daylight. In the dawn that struggled in a low-spirited way through the rifts in the rain, and refused to blend with the yellow blink of her candle and Homer's lantern, no chamber could be less than dismal.

Homer was on his knees in front of the flickering fire, at which he stared as if doggedly determined to put it out of countenance.

"Now," his way of beginning nine out of every ten sentences—"this ere's a new pattern of a range to me, an' it's tuk me some time fur ter git holt on it. Most new things comes awk'ard to most folks."

Hetty blew out her candle, and, dropping into a chair in physical and mental languor, sat watching the grotesque figure clearing away ashes and cinders. His wrestle with the new pattern had begrimmed his pale face and reddened his weak eyes. His matutinal costume of a dim blue flannel shirt, gray trousers, and a black silk skull cap cast off by Mr. Wayt, pushed well back upon the nape of the neck, and revealing a scanty, uneven fringe of whity-brown hair, did not provoke the spectator to a smile.

"There is no bringing *him* up to the tone of that study!" she meditated, grimly. "He and I are hopeless drudges, but he is the happier of the two."

"Homer! I believe you really love to work!" she broke forth, finally.

Homer snickered—a sudden spurt that left him very sober. His laugh always went out like a damp match. "Yes'm, cert'nly, ma'am! Ef 'twant fur work, there wouldn't be nuthin' to live fur!"

He shambled off to the cellar with the ash-pan, and in a few minutes, she could distinguish in the sounds rumbling and smothering in the depths beneath her feet the melancholy tune of his favorite ditty:

"On the banks of the Omaha—maha!
'Twas there we settled many a night,
As happy as the little bird that sparkled on our block,
On the banks of the Omaha!"

Hetty raised the window and leaned out, gasping for breath. A garden lay behind the house and on one side of it. It was laid out in walks and borders and was rather broad than deep. Beyond this were undefined clumps of trees that looked like an orchard. Roofs and chimneys and spires and lines of other trees marking the course of streets were emerging from the soaking mists. Five o'clock struck from a tower not far away, and then a church bell began to ring gently—a persuasive call to early prayers.

The warm, sweet, wet air that aroused her to look over the sill at a row of hyacinths in full bloom, the slow peal of the bell; the hush of the early morning—did not comfort her, but the soft moisture that filled her eyes drew heat and bitterness out of her heart. When she went up to awaken Hester she carried a spray of hyacinth bells, weighted with fragrant drops. Fine gems of rain sprinkled her hair, her cheeks were cool and damp, the scent of fresh earth and growing things clung to her skirts. She laid the flowers playfully against the heavy lids, lifted peevishly at her call.

"'There's richness for you,'" she quoted. "A whole bed of them is awaiting your inspection in the garden. And such lovely pansies—some as big as the palm of your hand. You and I and Homer, who is wild with delight over them, will claim the flowers as our especial charge and property."

"Thank you for the classification!" snapped Hester. "Yet we do belong to backyards as naturally as cats and tomato cans. At least Homer and I do. Would climb the fence if you could."

"With the other cats?" said Hetty, lightly. "See! I am putting the hyacinths in your own little vase. I unpacked your china and books last night. Not a thing was even nicked. You shall arrange them in this jolly corner cupboard after breakfast. It looks as if it were made a-purpose, as Homer says. He has bumped his head against strange doors and skinned his poor nose against unexpected corners twenty times this morning. He says: *'Now*—I 'spose it's the bran-new house what *orcites* me so. I allers gits orcited in a strange place.'"

The well-meant diversion was ineffectual.

"His excitement ought to be chronic, then. Ugh! that water is scalding hot!" shrinking from the sponge in Hetty's hand. "For we've done nothing but 'move ourselves' since I can recollect, I overheard mother say once, with a sort of reminiscent sigh, that our 'longest pastorate was in Cincinnati.' We were there just four years. We were six months in Chillicothe, and seven in Ypsilanti. Then there was a year in Memphis, and eighteen months in Natchez, and thirteen in Davenport. The Little Rock church had a strong constitution. We stayed there two years and one week. It's my opinion that he is the 'wandering Jew, and we are one of the Lost Tribes."

She smiled sour approbation of her sarcastic sally, jerking her head backward to bring Hetty's face within range of her vision. The deft fingers were fastening strings and straps over the misshapen shoulders. The visage was grave, but always kind to her difficult charge.

"You think that is irreverent," Hester fretted, wrinkling her forehead and beetling her eyebrows. "I let a circumstance or what I am thinking all the time. Some day I shall be left to myself and my bosom-devil long enough to spit it all out. It's just bottling up, like the venom in Macbeth's witches' toad that had sweltered so long under a stone. But for you, cross-patch, all would have been said and done long ago."

"You wouldn't make your mother unhappy if you could help it," Hetty said, cheerily. "And it isn't flattering to her to compare her daughter to a toad."

Helen was silent. As she sat in Hetty's lap, it could be seen that she was not larger than a puny child of seven or eight. The curved spine bowed and heightened the thin shoulders; she had never walked a step since the casualty that nearly cost her her life. Only the face and hands were uninjured. The latter were exquisitely formed, the features fine and clearly-cut, and susceptible to every change of emotion. That the gentle reproof had not wrought peaceable fruit was apparent from her expression. The misfit in her organization was more plainly perceptible to herself early in the day than afterward. She seemed to have lost consciousness of her unlikeness to other people while asleep, and to be compelled to readjust mental and physical conditions every morning. Hetty dreaded the process, yet was hardly aware of the full effect upon her own spirits, or why she so often went down to breakfast jaded and spiritless.

"I often ask myself," resumed Hester, with slow malignity, repulsive in one of her age and relation to those she condemned—"if children ever really honor their parents. We won't waste ammunition upon him—but there is my mother. She is a pattern of all angelic virtues, and a woman of remarkable mental endowments. You have told me again and again that she is the best person you ever knew—patient, heoric, loving, loyal and so on to the end of the string! You tell beads. The law of kindness is in her mouth; and her children shall arise and call her blessed, and she ought not to be afraid of the show for her household while her sister and her slave Tony are to the fore. Don't try to stop me or the toad will spit at you! I say that this one would think impossible She, the modern rival of Solomon's pious and prudish wise woman—is weak and unjust and—"

Hetty interrupted the tirade by rising and laying the warped frame, all a quiver with excitement, upon the bed.

"You'd better get your sleep out"—covering her up. "When you awake again you will behave more like a reasonable creature. I can not stay here and listen to vulgar abuse of your mother and my best friend."

She said it in firm composure, drew down the shades, and without another glance at the convulsed heap sobbing under the bed-clothes, left the chamber. Outside the door she paused as if expecting to be recalled, but no summons came. She shook her head with a sad little smile and passed down to the breakfast-room.

Father, mother and four children were at the table. Mr. Wayt, in dressing jacket, slipper and silk skull-cap, a cup of steaming chocolate at his right hand, was engrossed in the morning paper. A pair of scissors was beside his plate, that he might clip out incident or statistics which might be useful in the preparation of his wide-awake sermons. He made no sign of recognition at the entrance of his wife's sister; Mrs. Wayt smiled affectionately and lifted her face for a good-morning salute, indicating by an expressive gesture her surprise and pleasure at having found room and meal in such attractive order. Long practice had made her an adept in pantomime. The boys nodded over satisfactory mouthfuls; pretty Fanny pulled her aunt down for a hug as she passed; even the baby made a mute rose-bud of her mouth and beckoned Hetty not to overlook her.

Mr. Wayt's digestion was as idiosyncratic as his nervous system. While the important unseen apparatus carried on the business of assimilation, the rest of the physical man was held in quiescent subjugation. Agitation of molecular centres might entail ruinous consequences. He reasoned ably upon this point, citing learned authorities in defence of the dogma that simultaneous functionation—such as animated speech, or auricular atttention, and digestion is an impossibility, and referring to the examples of dumb creatures to prove that rest during and after eating is a natural law.

He raised his eyes above the margin of his newspaper at the chink of the chocolate-pot against the cup in Hetty's hand. The questioning gaze met a goodly sight. His wife's sister wore a bluff gingham, finished at throat and wrists with white cambric ruffles, hemmed and gathered by herself. Her dark-brown hair was in perfect order; her sleeves were pushed back from strong, shapely wrists. She always gave one the impression of cleanlimbedness, elasticity and neatness. She was firm of flesh and of will. The prettier woman at the head of the table was flaccid beside her. The eyes of the younger were fearless in meeting the master's scrutiny, those of his wife were wistful, and clouded anxiously in passing from one to the other.

"For Hester," said Hetty, in a low voice, looking away from Mr. Wayt to her sister. "She is tired and will take her breakfast in bed."

"I remonstrate"—Mr. Wayt's best audience tones also addressed his wife—"as I have repeatedly had occasion to do, against the practice of pampering an invalid until her whims dominate the household. Not that I have the least hope that my protest will be heeded. But as the child's father, I can not, in conscience, withhold it."

Light scarlet flame, in which her features seemed to waver, was blown across Hetty's face. She set down the pot, poured back what she had taken from it, and with a reassuring glance at her sister's pleading eyes, went off to the kitchen. There she hastened to find milk, chocolate and sauce-pan, and to prepare a foaming cup of Hester's favorite beverage. Homer meanwhile toasting a slice of bread, delicately and quickly.

Hester's great eyes were raised to her aunt from lips sodden with tears; her lips trembled unmanageably in trying to frame her plea.

"Forgive me! please forgive me!" she sobbed. "You know what my morning fiend is. And I am not brave like you, or patient like mother!"

Hetty fondled the hot little hands.

"Let it pass, love, I was not angry, but some subjects are best left untouched between us. Here is your breakfast. Homer says that I 'make chawkerlette jes' the same's they did for him in the horspittle when he had the new money.' They must have had a French *chef* and a marvelous *menu* in that famous 'horspittle.' It reminds me of Little Derrit's Maggie and her 'evenly chicken,' and 'so lovely an' 'ospittally!'"

She had the knack of picking up and making the most of little things for the entertainment of her hapless charge. Mrs. Wayt was much occupied with the other children, to whom she devoted all the time she could spare from her husband. It happened occasionally that he would eat no bread she had not made, and oftener that his craving was for certain *entrees* she alone could prepare to his liking. She brushed his coat and hat; kept the run of missing papers and handkerchiefs; tied his cravats; sat by him in a darkened room when he took his afternoon siesta; wrote letters from his dictation, and, when he was weary, copied in a clear, clerkly hand, or upon his type-writer, sermons and addresses from the notes he was wont to pencil in minute characters upon a pocket-pad. At least four nights out of seven she arose in the dead of darkness to read aloud to him for one, three and four hours, when the baleful curse, insomnia, claimed him as her prey. His fad, at this date, was what Homer tickled Hester into hysterics by calling "them horsephates." He carried a silver flask containing it in his pocket everywhere; dropped the liquid furtively upon a lump of sugar, and ate it in the pulpit, during anthem, or voluntary, or offertory; mixed it with water and drank it on the cars, in drug-stores, in private houses, and at his meals, and Mrs. Wayt kept spirit-lamp and kettle in her bedroom with which to heat water for the tranquilizing and peptic draught at cock-crowing or at midnight. If she had ever complained of his exactions, or uttered an ungentle word to him, neither sister nor child had heard her. She would have become his advocate with him against himself had need arisen—which it never did.

"My ministering angel," he named her to the Gilchrists, his keen eyes softened by ready dew. "John Randolph said, in his old age, of

THE GLORIES OF POMPEII

REPRODUCED AT SARATOGA

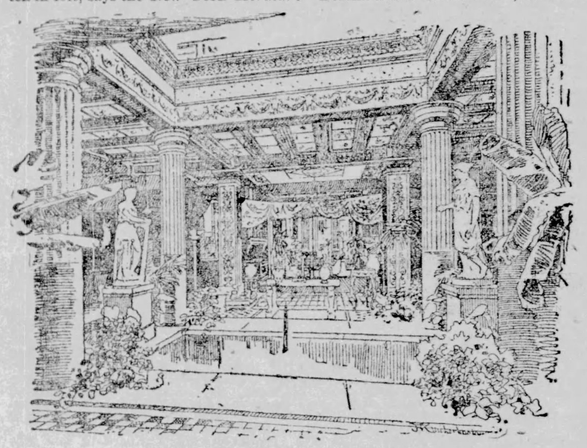
Exact Imitation of the Famous "House of Pansa"—Paintings and Scripture and Relics of the Ancient City.

Go, seek Pompeii now; with pensive tread
Roam through the silent city of the dead,
Explore each spot, where still, in ruin grand,
Her shapeless piles and tottering columns stand,
Where the pale ivy's clasping wreaths o'er shade
The ruined temple's moss clad colonnade,
Or violets on the hearth's cold marble wave,
And muse in silence on a people's grave.

And thou, sad city, raise thy drooping head,
And share the honors of the glorious dead,
Had fate reprieved thee till the frozen North
Poured in wild swarms its hoarded millions forth,
No laurel wreath had graced thy funeral pall—
No fame redeemed the horrors of thy fall.

Now shall thy deathless memory live entwined
With all that conquers, rules, or charms the mind.
Each lofty thought of poet, or of sage,
Each grace of Virgil's lyre or Tully's page—
Like theirs whose genius consecrates thy tomb,
Thy fame shall snatch from time a greener bloom.
Shall spread where'er the muse has reared her throne
And live renowned in accents yet unknown.
Earth's utmost bounds shall join the glad acclaim,
And distant countries bless Pompeii's name.

The injunction in the above paneyric of Macaulay can now be obeyed in a way little foreseen when the lines were written in 1819, says the New York *Herald*.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

This distant country now possesses a structure where the poet and scholar can enjoy reproductions of the most beautiful examples of art and archaeology found in the buried city. Visitors to Saratoga this year will find something of more interest than springs and colossal hotels. "The Pompeia," recently completed, is the most elaborate reproduction of a sumptuous Pompeian house ever attempted, fully illustrating the domestic life, worship, manners and mythology of the Romans. An attempt to build a Pompeian house was made by the King of Bavaria at Aschaffenburg and by Prince Napoleon at Paris. The first was left unfinished by the King's death, the other degenerated to a mere classic hall, decorated in French style. The so-called Pompeian house in the Crystal Palace consists only of bare walls.

The difficulties of faithfully reproducing such a structure in this country have been successfully overcome by Mr. Franklin W. Smith, a Bostonian, whose ample wealth, scholarly instincts and rare taste have given him the means for much travel and research. The winter home he built at St. Augustine, the Moorish Villa "Zorayda" has awakened the enthusiasm of all who have seen it, and was selected by the Messrs. Appleton as one of their "One Hundred Artistic Homes of America." He was also the architect-owner of the majestic Hotel Cordova there.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE TASK.

Distance from the models jealously guarded by the Italian government and the impossibility of finding artists familiar with the style of coloring were very discouraging. Several visits were made to Pompeii, and artists whose works have been known in the Paris Salon for ten years were taken there to catch the spirit of the decoration and transfer it to the New World. As Mr. Smith's ideas developed the plan for a villa yielded to his ambition to build a museum where the public could enjoy an exposition of the art and customs of a city whose misfortune have interested the world even as much as imperial Rome itself.

Invaluable assistance was afforded by the British museum in London, the National museum at Naples and other European galleries, whose most beautiful models were put at Mr. Smith's service. The ground plan of the House of Pansa was selected, because the most symmetrical and best known example of the houses of the wealthiest of Pompeians. The most elaborate subjects of art and architecture found in the burned city have been worked into a harmonious whole, and last week the completed structure was opened, as a replica of a patrician Roman's home, in size and elegance as complete as any in Pompeii when overwhelmed 2,000 years ago.

On entering the vestibule the visitor is greeted by a fierce dog in reproduction mosaic. Beneath is the warning "Cave Canem." On the walls are brackets holding busts of "The Great and the Good," including Cicero, Socrates, Plato and Homer. Drawing aside rich portieres, "Salve" in mosaic welcomes the visitor into the *atrium*, or main hall. A bewildering vista stretches before him. Across the marble pavement to the fountain, through the *tablinum* to the group of pillars of the peristyle, across the *vecus* or banquet hall, to the rear walls of the *hortus*, or garden, nearly 200 feet, the eye vainly struggles to absorb the details of ornament. The beauty is enhanced by rich vases, frescoes, bronzes, statuary and foliage scattered in harmonious profusion in the main courts and in the wide halls opening on either hand. Immediately in front four Ionic columns support the roof of the *atrium*. The lotus plant floats in the marble pool.

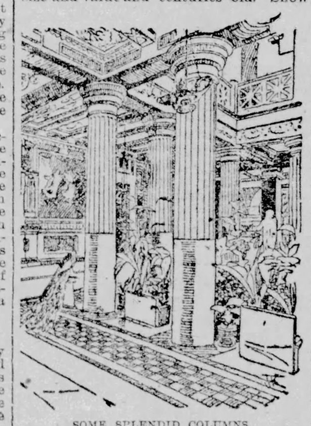
ANCIENT DECORATIONS REPRODUCED.

The ceiling is richly decorated with copies of the famous mosaics from the villa of Diomed. Classic lamps, couches, tripods and vases are reproduced from the richest models exhumed at Pompeii. Three *cubicula*, or bed-rooms, open on each side, the walls decorated with the best examples of the delicate tracery and floating female figures found in the buried city. The *tablinum* is the central apartment where the "strong box," family archieves and busts of ancestors were kept. Before the entrance are life size statues of Clio, Euterpe, Terpsichore and other Muses. The *exedra* on the left is the large conversation room, furnished luxuriously and richly frescoed by the Salon artists Pascal and Zurcher. Delicate hangings divide these rooms from the secodd large court, or *veinstyle*, with twelve massive columns surrounding a space called the *viradamnum*, filled with foliage, in the midst of which stand on pedestals Pan, with his flute, and a satyr. This ceiling is copied from the Baths of Titus. Garlands of flowers are depicted on the walls.

At the right opens the *bibliotheca*, or library. Busts of the poets, rolls of parchment, manuscripts and rare engravings are scattered on richly carved marble tables. Across the court is the *pinacotheca*, or picture gallery, in which are effctive pictures by the Salon artist, Pascal, representing Vesuvius in peace, again in eruption, and a gorgeous sacrifice in the Forum restored. Another door leads to the *triclinium*, or dining-room, with a semi-circular couch of rich stuffs with pillows, upon which the guests reclined at meals. The walls are frescoed with scenes illustrating hanging cupboards filled with fruit, a race of Cupids driving dolphins over the ocean and Pompeian ladies bartering for caged Cupids, all copied from Pompeian walls.

The marble bathroom is decorated by the unique deep see scene found in Diomed's villa. Adjoining is the *cutina*, or kitchen, the stove being an exact copy of that found in the house of Pansa. Around are reproductions of the bread, utensils, roasting and spits, found as left by the cooks at their flight 2,000 years ago, when the ashes from the volcano buried and preserved their relics. Beyond is the summer *triclinium*, hung with awnings and trellished with vines, the walls painted in oil from fantastic designs found in Herculaneum. *Amphorae* and vessels of curious shape, for wine and oil, stand around. At the side opens the *oecus* or large banquet hall. The frieze is decorated by a spirited scene representing wild sea horses which have broken away from irate Neptune for a gambol over the ocean.

Behind this is the *lararium*, or household temple. The altar is decorated with base-reliefs of a sacrificial procession of the gods of Olympus. Other decorations on the walls are of special celebrity. *Oharia*, or vases for holding the ashes of the dead, are placed on either hand. At the rear is a large "Gallery of Illustrations," a museum in itself, where Mr. Smith has gathered a valuable collection of works and engravings bearing on Roman history and art, many of immense size and value and centuries old. Show

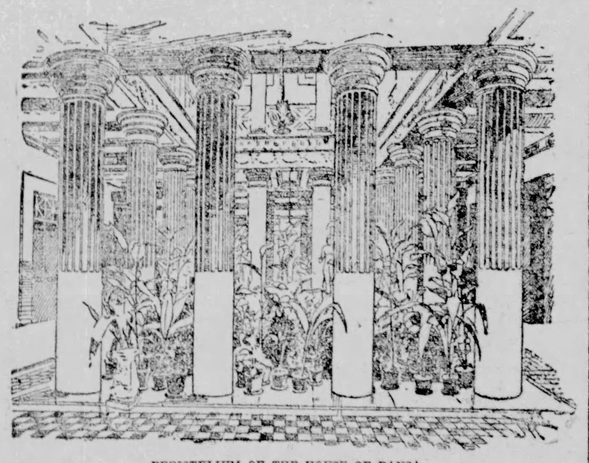


SOME SPLENDID COLUMNS.

cases display ornaments, coins, tear bottle, toilet articles and rings, illustrating ancient manners and customs.

The effect of the whole house is heightened by lavish use of bronzes, marbles, statuary, mosaics and foliage. Ranging through the spacious halls and courts, the visitor can follow in detail the life of the Roman noble, from his worship before the temple of Jove, in the forum, to the utensils of his kitchen or his pleasures, represented by carved ivory tickets, to his seat in the amphitheater. Every household article is executed with an artistic grace which reaches the acme of elegance. Even colanders and frying pans are decorated with graceful designs. The taste of these details proves a study of Greek art by the makers, whereas in our mechanical age the skill of the artisan rather than the artist is exemplified in household chattels.

As a result of his years of study, Mr. Smith has built a monument that will take its place with the most impressive and unique contributions to the art of this century.



PERISTYLIUM OF THE HOUSE OF PANSA.

Considerate.

Creditor—If you cannot pay me the $100 due me I will take a note, say for four months.

Man About Town—I think it would be better to give four notes at $25 each, at one, two, three and four months' time.

Creditor—And why would this be better?

Man About Town—Well, you see, you would not mind losing $25 at a time so much as losing the whole $100 at once. —[Jupiter.

Philosophy Versus Oxygen.

"What is it to die? If we will only look at it apart from the fearful mask which fancy has imposed, we shall see that death is natural after all; and he who dreads the course of nature, in which everything is for good, is a child."

This is philosophy. But before you resort to philosophy, try Compound Oxygen. It has effected wonderful cures in desperate cases. Here are a few testimonials as to its worth:

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—"I am fully satisfied that your Compound Oxygen Treatment is an excellent remedy." DR. O. A. DARBY, President of Columbia Female College, Columbia, S. C.

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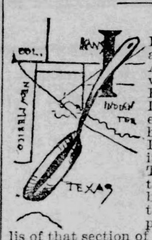
We have many more of them. You will find hundreds of them in our work on Compound Oxygen, its nature, discovery and results. This is no primer, nor is it an almanac, but a well written medical work. It is sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., or 120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

IN PAN HANDLE CITY.

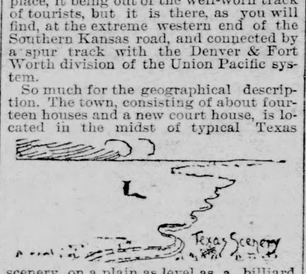
ENTERPRISE IN A NEW REGION.

A Blade Man's Experiences and Philosophizings in an Aspiring Metropolis—Mortality and Agriculture.



PUT in a whole day at Pan Handle City. As you will, of course, wonder where is Pan Handle City, and why I visited it during one entire day, I will hasten to explain. Pan Handle City is in the Pan Handle of Texas, and, according to a little map now before me, issued by the owners of the place, is the metropolis of that section of the state. If everything comes to pass as expected, it will some day be of considerable importance. Comparatively few people have seen the place, it being out of the well-worn track of tourists, but it is there, as you will find, at the extreme western end of the Southern Kansas road, and connected by a spur track with the Denver & Fort Worth division of the Union Pacific system.

So much for the geographical description. The town, consisting of about fourteen houses and a new court house, is located in the midst of typical Texas



Texas Scenery.

scenery, on a plain as level as a billiard table, and about the same color. From the town to the distant horizon, which is sharply defined across a clear sky in a continuous circle about our point of observation, there is not a single bush or tree to break the smoothness of the great lawn; the zigzag trail of the freight wagons being plainly defined for miles and miles, and a solitary horseman standing out in as bold relief against the blue sky as though he and his animal formed a gigantic bronze equestrian statue.

In the the town itself the most noticeable feature, perhaps, is the number of water tank cars on the railroad side track. Though Pan Handle has a magnificent situation as a city, where streets can be laid out to an unlimited length without grading, there is no natural supply of

PAN HANDLE TANK LINE.

water in sufficient quantity, which makes it necessary to bring from Miami, 49 miles distant, all that is required by the railroad—a deep well yielding nearly enough for the other needs of the citizens. I am told that plenty of water can be found by drilling deeply enough, but there are no natural springs or streams anywhere near.

There was rain, though, that day, and it came down in a way to prove that this is not the arid belt of the *llanos estacados*. Though it poured down during the whole 22 hours that I had to stay there waiting for a train, and I never am fond of wet weather anyway, I had a good time in Pan Handle, a real good time. Mr. John Young, the merchant prince, and Mr. Julius Schloss, a real estate dealer, the former a Scotchman and the latter a Philadelphian, did much to lessen the discomforts of a visit under such adverse circumstances.

It was not their fault that the mud stuck so tenaciously to me.

This is what is called the Republican part of Texas, being settled principally by people from the North. Experiments are being made to prove that portions of the big expanse of country in Carson county can be utilized successfully for agriculture, it being shown that several kinds of grain can be raised profitably, and there is a likelihood of that very new region being more thickly popnlated in the next few years to come.

I was shown some fine samples of corn and rye and millet that had attained perfection in the soil of the county.

The shipping of bones and horns is one of the minor industries of the Pan Handle. I made a critical examination of a great bone pile, containing collections from all over the plains. There were bones and horns of cattle, buffaloes and deer, and the disarticulated skeletons of horses and wolves, and other animals that had met their death on the boundless prairies. Only a few days before, one freighter had brought to town in his wagon the bleached bones of a horse and a man, found side by side where they had fallen by fair means or foul. Bones of horse and rider went into the heap at the rate of $2 a ton.

The whitened skull of a big buffalo awakened in me thoughts which a human

caput would not incite. Man is not an extinct animal, and though his bleaching bones may be found here and there over the plains we know it is but the extinction of an individual, and not of a species. "Alas, poor Yorick," no buffaloes now roam, untrammeled, unrestrained, the boundless grassy plains where only a few short years ago your thousands held your sway, in full possession. Over all these prairies, where once you roamed in droves innumerable, with power resistless, and trampled down whatever came in the way of your unchecked progress, the only signs of you that are left, save the deeply worn narrow trails leading from grazing ground to water and water to grazing ground, are the few whitened skeletons which may yet be found where the bone collector has as yet not penetrated. The brain you had beneath that broad forehead could not devise for you a means of escape from the ruthless destroyer, whether he came as hide-hunter or as an English lord, with retinue of slaughterers, searching for game worthy a gentleman sportsman's powder and ball.

The buffalo had to go, not only because his hide was marketable and he furnished good sport for the huntsman, but because it was thought that the only way to drive out the Indians was to exterminate the animals that were the chief resource of the dusky tribe. Thus, in order to starve out the Indians, the bisons were slaughtered by wholesale, until to-day there is not even one solitary buffalo roaming the plains in a free and wild state.

I have found a new scenic region, and I made the discovery in getting away from Pan Handle. The Denver and Fort Worth division of the Union Pacific railway system runs from Fort Worth up through the Texas Pan Handle and New Mexico, to Denver. That portion of the road in New Mexico and Southern Colorado runs through a mountain region which presents some beautiful scenery, new in its aspect, even to the blase traveler who has been in many climes and seen many sights. Before reaching Folsom, N. M. We passed by many great volcanic hills of red and black rock heaped and strewn about in fanciful shapes by some prehistoric upheaval of nature. The little town of Folsom itself, lying in a beautiful site 7,300 feet above sea level, where we took breakfast, presents a pretty view. Then after a climb still higher in the mountains, around great curves and loops where we could see below us the road we had come over, and above us the road we were yet to travel, we began a decline until Trinidad was reached.

Now we are in a section of the country more commonly known to transcontinental tourists. The ride between Trinidad and Pueblo is a pleasant one, but that from the latter place to Denver, with the Rocky Mountains on our left in plain sight, with Pike's Peak and afterward Long's Peak looming above, is extremely agreeable.

Arrived in Denver just after a rain,

what should I see but a most striking resemblance to Pan Handle city. A few more houses, certainly, and other things noticeable in the metropolis of Colorado, that were absent from the metropolis of the Pan Handle, but it was the same old mud.

Wm Reginald Ream

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Graphic Description of the Origin of the Famous Song.

That there is in any public park on our continent a more chaste, suggestive and beautifully executed monument than that which was unveiled in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, on the Fourth of July, 1889, dedicated to the memory of Francis Scott Key, and donated to California by that man of magnificent generosity and patriotism, James Lick, I very much doubt.

Thousands have sung the grand old chorus of our American Marseillaise, and young untried hearts have throbbed almost to bursting with patriotic fever inspired by the words of Francis Scott Key's immortal poem, who know but little of the vivid scenes during which it had its birth, and still less of the wedding of the tune to its soul-stirring words.

Among the horded relics of my grandfather, an old Maryland gentleman, is a yellow, faded letter written upon very coarse paper, and in such a scrambling hand that the words are scarcely legible. It bears the date of "September 16th, 1814, Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Maryland," and reads in part, thus:

DEAR MARGERY:

I may not be first to tell you the news, but it will bear repeating; Cockburn's fleet have dropped down the bay and Baltimore is saved. We have had hot work and the havoc has been dreadful, but all the danger from British invasion is now over, and may God, forever. I am well except * * * Below are the words of a poem which Frank Key gave me and which he composed during the awful night of the 13th, while a prisoner on one of Cockburn's vessels. He had gone on board, protected by a flag of truce, to effect the release of some of his friends who were held captive in it, and was not allowed to return. So he witnessed—which I did not—the entire bombardment, and told me he dashed off the verses in a red-hot frenzy of anxiety. You are a better judge than I of such things, but I call it poetry. It will be printed in the *Gazette* as soon as possible and deserves to live as long as we have a flag.

Then followed the copy of the original manuscript as it now reads to-day.

A citizen of the same old town of Frederick, Maryland, 50 miles west of Baltimore, a neighbor and political friend of Mr. Key, it is no wonder that my grandfather, then stationed with his company in the fort, should have taken time to copy for my grandmother the remarkable lines whose full significance she, as well as he, could so thoroughly appreciate. He, with a thousand other men, were garrisoning Fort McHenry, about two miles from the center of the city of Baltimore, and known in war records as "North Point." The British fleet was anchored a couple of miles from the fort and beyond the reach of its guns. Having failed to take the city by land they hoped an attack by water would be more successful. So, as soon as night came they began their work. There was one continuous shower of shells which the garrison received in silence. During the night several vessels with 1,400 British troops supplied with scaling ladders, entered the Patapsco and passed by the fort never dreaming of resistance from it. Already, in imagination, they were plundering the captured city, when, suddenly, as they drew opposite the six-gun battery, its commander, Lieut. Webster, opened upon them with terrible effect. The forts and ten-gun battery also poured in their fire and for two hours a furious cannonading was kept up. It was a fearful sight. My grandfather said that the heavens were lit with the fiery track of the bombs from the fleet, and the increasing booming echoes across the water and along the shores of the bay were like one uninterrupted peal of thunder. One of the barges was sunk and the rest retreated in the utmost confusion.

In the storm of the vessel, whose windows commanded a full view of Chesapeake bay and the fort, stood Francis Key, then in the prime of his youthful manhood, and his imprisoned friends, watching with profound interest the fate of that flag which through the shadows of twilight was seen floating from the ramparts of Fort McHenry. They could see the flashing of the guns and the red glare of the flying rockets but that flag of their loved flag was wrapped in profound uncertainty. At length the struggle ceased, but who were the victors?

As the gray dawn rendered objects visible how eager was their strained gaze to see what crowned the tower of the fort! Through the "mists of the deep" they could discern a flag, but what were its colors? A while longer they waited in breathless silence, when, suddenly, by the rays of the morning sun, they discovered that it bore upon its gorgeous folds the stars and stripes. Then with a throe of joy so intense that it was almost pain, were born the lines—

"Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Meanwhile, in the northern part of the city of Baltimore, upon a broad elevation known as Gallows hill, lay an encampment of militia, comprising men from Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland. Uniformed in blue cloth coats faced with red, blue pantaloons, white vests, shoes overlaid with cloth gaiters, fur hats and high leather stocks with the United States coat of arms stamped upon them, they were quite as picturesque as our zouaves of to-day; as, lying upon the green sward, they discussed the complete rout of Cockburn's fleet and rejoiced over Britain's second defeat. Among the soldiery were two brothers, Charles and Ferdinand Durang, strolling Thespians from Lancaster, Pa. They were genial, brave, mirthful fellows, so overflowing with rollicking fun that they kept their comrades alive, body and soul, by compelling them to laugh while all around was so gruesome. Charles, who had been to the city on a brief furlough, said, as he rejoined his mess: "Boys, have you heard of the new poem written by Frank Key, while aboard ship the other night? It's got the true ring to it or I'm no judge. Attention, company! and judge for yourselves."

It was a rude copy, written, like my grandfather's letter, in a scrawl which Rufus Choate might have mistaken for his own. An accomplished elocutionist, the pathetic eloquence of the grand inspiration lost none of its native fervor in its passage through the speaker's lips.

Three times he read it aloud, his audience ever increasing, until the entire division seemed electrified by the poet's doubt and triumph. Suddenly an idea seized the brother Ferdinand. Hunting up a small volume of flute music from the tent of a neighboring fifer, he rapidly whistled from it snatches of tune after tune as they caught his quick eye. "None will fit," he exclaimed. Upon the last page was one entitled "Anacreon in Heaven." Its peculiar rhythm arrested his attention. Note after note fell from his puckered lips, until, with a shout and a leap, he said: "Boys, boys, I've got it!" Adapting the tune to the words Charles had just read, he rang out for the first time the song of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

How the men shouted and clapped their hands and joined in the chorus! How, literally, they "made the welkin ring!" Never was there a wedding of poesy to music made under more discordant, yet harmonious, influences. Soon after the brothers sang it upon the stage of the New (now Old) Holliday street theater, in Baltimore. It was caught up in the camps, whistled in the streets, sung around bivouac fires, and when peace once more settled over the beloved land, carried to thousands of firesides as the most precious trophy of the war and victory of 1814.

The Durang brothers lie in unknown graves, the octogenarian fifer, who owned the music and told me the story, has also "passed on." Francis Key's dust reposes in Mt. Olivet cemetery, of Frederick City, within a pine tree's shadow of that of my revered grandfather, and a simple marble headstone alone marks the spot. Nearly all the "old defenders" are gone and forgotten, but that song will live as long as our dear land wears its bonny flag or there remains an American boy to sing its praise.

NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

The Difficulty.

Miss Vere-de-Vere—Only think, Mr. Tumly, they have a custom in Spain that when one admires anything the owner immediately presents him with it.

Mr. Tumly (desperately)—I admire your hand very much, Miss Vere-de-Vere.

"Ah, yes; but, Mr. Tumly, we are not in Spain."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Ill Effects of Tobacco
relieved by its use.

NEW FATHER AND MOTHER.

Strange Fate of a Boy Who Went for a Can of Milk.

Twenty-five years ago a London boy was sent for a pint of milk. He hid the can beneath a stone, directed his course to the nearest wharf, shipped as a cabin boy and went to sea. Years went by and he was given up for dead; he was amassing a great wealth.

The other day he returned, found the can where he had hid it, procured a pint of milk and went to his boyhood home, entered and said:

"Father and mother, here's your milk."

He was given a warm welcome, but he noticed there was a change in his parents' appearance; they had not the old familiar look. He questioned them and explanations followed, through which, though they were still his parents, the change in their appearance was accounted for.

Shortly after his departure from home his father died and his mother married again; then his mother died and his new father married again. Thus, on his return, he found the old home as he left it, the only difference being that he had a new father and mother. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction.

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU SIT.

Bad Positions More Harmful to the Health Than People Imagine.

An erect bodily attitude is of vastly more importance to health than most people generally imagine, says the New York *Ledger*. Crooked bodily positions, maintained for any length of time, are always injurious, whether in a sitting, standing or lying position, whether sleeping or waking. To sit with the body leaning forward on the stomach, or to one side, with the heels elevated on a level with the hands, is not only in bad taste, but exceedingly detrimental to your health; it cramps the stomach, presses the vital organs, interrupts the free motion of the chest and enfeebles the functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs, and, in fact, unbalances the whole muscular system. Many children become slightly hump-backed or severely round-shouldered by sleeping with the head raised on a high pillow. When any person finds it easier to sit or stand or walk or sleep in a crooked position than a straight one, he may be sure his muscular system is deranged, and the more careful he should be to preserve an upright position.

Blaine Getting Bald.

Secretary Blaine has at last become a member of the great army of men who are attempting to conceal the fact that they are rapidly becoming bald. Within the last few years Mr. Blaine has lost nearly all the hair from the top of his head, and has adopted the popular ruse for attempting to conceal his loss by parting his hair just above his ear and dragging the few long strands across the top of his head, spreading them so as to make each hair do as much service as possible.

This mode of dressing the hair, which always fails to accomplish its object, has entirely changed the shape of Mr. Blaine's head. From a front view the change is not so marked as from the side, but altogether it has made him look considerably different from the James G. Blaine with whom the public was so familiar ten years ago.

He Stood Corrected.

A young Methodist minister and his wife, of Chicago, just after marriage, were showing some friends over their house, and the husband pointed out the pictures, the books, the ornaments, and always referred to them as "my books," "my pictures," etc. Finally his wife began to feel this rather galling, and she said to him: "You should say 'our,' dear, and not 'my' so much. It would sound better." Just as this admonition was given the husband threw open the door of a closet, and, thinking to make amends for past offences, said: "And this is where we hang up our pants."

Long Lived Birds.

The swan is the longest-lived bird, and it is asserted that it has reached the age of 100 years. Knauer, in his work entitled "Naturhistorifker," states that he has seen a falcon that was 162 years old. The following samples are cited as to the longevity of the eagle and vulture: A sea eagle captured in 1715, and already several years of age, died 104 years afterwards, in 1819; a white-headed vulture, captured in 1706, died in 1826 in one of the aviaries of Schoenbrunn castle, near Vienna, where it had passed 118 years in captivity.

Her Face Was Her Fortune.

She was as pretty as a picture and so animated and lively that it did one good to look at her. She *was* all this but she is not now. Poor soul, the roses linger no more in her cheeks, the former luster of her eyes is gone. She is a woe-begone looking piece of humanity now. She has one of those troubles so common to women, and needs Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It recuperates the wasted strength, puts the whole system right, restores the roses and the luster and makes the woman what she once was, bright, well and happy. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee*, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

For all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a dose.

Value of a Passenger Train.

But few persons who view a passenger train as it goes thundering past know that it represents a cash value of from $75,000 to $120,000. The ordinary express train represents from $80,000 to $90,000. The engine and tender are valued at $10,500; the baggage car $1,000; the postal car $2,000; the smoking car $5,000; two ordinary passenger cars, $10,000 each; three palace cars $15,000 each—total, $30,000. Many of the trains which pull out from the depot in this city are worth $150,000.

Fish Carried in a Tornado.

At Swayzee, the other day, the residents were catching fish out of the pools and puddles made by a night's terrific rain. Later, when the water sunk into the ground, sunfish and shiners by the thousand strewed the ground. There is no stream within four miles of Swayzee, and the theory is that these fish were caught up by a small tornado and deposited where they were found.—[Indianapolis Journal.

Strange War Wound.

Capt. Tip Harrison has just received the strangest application for a pension that has ever come into his hands. Hezekiah Forrester, of Habersham county, makes an application for a pension, and states that he was injured as follows: During the war, while on a march, a comrade playfully struck him with a knapsack. In the knapsack was a three-pronged fork, and the prongs stuck in his left elbow, two of them breaking off and remaining in the arm. Forrester's left arm has been useless ever since.—[Atlanta Journal.

Books at $500 Per Ounce.

Of the original edition of the sonnets of Shakespeare, published by George Daniel, of London, in 1609, there are but two perfect copies known. One of these is in the British museum; for the other $5,000 was paid but a short time ago. As the book is very small, only 7 by 4 inches, and weighing less than ten ounces, it has been figured that at that rate each ounce of the precious volume brought $500, or many times its own weight in gold.—[St. Louis Republic.

Not Long, at Least.

'Tis now the little busy bee
Arises with the sun,
Most free and independent, he—
He won't be sat upon.

—[Terre Haute Express.

Pains and Aches
ARE
PROMPTLY CURED BY
St. Jacobs Oil

Maywood, Kans., Aug. 10, 1889.
I suffered two years with pain in my side; doctors failed to help me; St. Jacobs Oil cured me; no return of pain.
A. LEMMON, P. M.

Oxford, Pa., February 11, 1889.
I was hurt in the hip and tried several physicians without obtaining relief. Less than a half bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured me.
JOHN U. SHEAFER.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

A Sultana Survivor.

I RECENTLY read an extract from THE BLADE in the Xenia *Republican*, from the pen of Marcellus Reynolds, ex-prisoner of war, and survivor of the ill-fated Sultana, and I desire to address this comrade, through the same medium, giving a little of my own personal experience, so identical with his. In June, 1884, I was one of those who comprised the number engaged in the noted (for its blunders) Hunter expedition against Lynchburg, Va. We encountered the rebs in front of that place on June 18, driving them to their fortifications and capturing some cannon; but valuable time had been squandered in laying idle around Staunton, when we should have been pressing on to Lynchburg. In consequence of this delay, we lost a victory. The rebel generals were given time to re-enforce, and they did it in the person of Gen. Early and his command, from around Petersburg, making it quite necessary for us to beat a hasty retreat, under cover of the night. A small detachment had been sent to destroy some railroad bridges and had not rejoined the main body, then in motion for a more congenial atmosphere. I was detailed to remain for the return of this detachment, and with them overtake the retreating column; but for some unexpected reason we did not connect. After waiting a reasonable time I concluded to join my fortune with the retiring force, but in the attempt I steered right into an ambuscade of eleven Johnnies, with ten guns pointing at me. It was with a great deal of reluctance that I accept the situation. I was kept under guard that night close to Gen. Hunsure's headquarters, and next morning was escorted to the old tobacco house down in the city. While passing through the rebel lines I was taunted and ridiculed with language unbecoming soldiers or gentlemen, but I got back at some of the loudest by offering a challenge to any who would come out and put himself on equal footing, promising that a live Yank would show them how to take the conceit out of an insulting coward. The challenge met with no response, but three cheers were proposed and given for the Yank, and three groans for the braggart. After a day or two in Lynchburg myself and others were put into box cars and started for Andersonville, Ga., where we arrived June 21, 1864. There I saw sights and felt wants that beggars description. Some time in January or February, 1865, we were sent to Millen, Ga., and after brief stay there, were sent sent to Savannah, and thence to Blackshire, a small station near the coast; then we were sent back to Andersonville, and were paroled March 28, 1865, then taken to Big Black river, Miss., where I was released. Never shall I forget that first day of April. Oh, what thrilling joy at beholding the stars and stripes for whose honor we had suffered so much! The rebel guards could no longer restrain us. We raised our feeble voices to the highest key possible in cheers for the flag! We embarked on the Sultana, bound up the river, our destination being Camp Chase. All went well until about 2 o'clock on the morning of April 27. While all but the crew were slumbering, and occupying all the available space on the boat, a terrific explosion took place, nearly dividing the vessel into two portions. Language has failed to portray the aweful scene that followed. No tongue will ever be able to tell the sad story of the lost Sultana. There is a kindred feeling, however, that only exists between those who shared the affliction of that terrible time. Sorrow fills my soul when I remember the thousands that died of starvation, and were laid away in Southern lands forever; and yet more sacred to me is the memory of those seventeen hundred that perished by by fire and water.

The lessons in swimming I learned when a small boy became my salvation, and enabled me to swim four miles, landing on the Tennessee side, within three miles of Memphis. In leaping from the upper deck I lost my balance, and fell, face downwards, temporarily knocking the breath out of me, at the same time sustaining injuries which have all these years disqualified me for business.

The few that survived, bruised and maimed, were mustered out by a special order from the War department, on account of physical conditions unfitting us for further service, and that fact ought to be evidence enough in itself to place every one of us on the pension roster, without question or quibble.

And now, Comrade Reynolds, it is enough for me know that you are one of us. And as our number is so small, let us keep alive an association that will bring us annually together, keeping in memory that incident that shall bind us together with the devotion of Jonathan and David.—W. P. MADDEN, Co. I, 44th O. V. V. I. and 8th O. V. C.

Saw Blazer's Scouts.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In THE BLADE, March 6, William L. Bradley gives an account of an expedition by Blazer's Scouts, under Gen. Crook, to Lynchburg. Mr. Bradley mentions especially the skirmish with the Confederate forces just below Covington. I was an eye-witness of some of the incidents of that raid. Some things coming under my observation, Mr. Bradley fails to mention. I will say, however, at that time I had never smelled "burnt gunpowder," and knew nothing of the hardships of war as subsequently I learned them. I was born and raised in that little town of Covington, and had been conscripted by the C. S. government (so-called). I had not been formally mustered into service, and happening to be in town that day, I heard of the coming raid by Gen. Crook's command, from the West, and was just waiting in town, looking for the approach of any thing in the shape of troops. Finally a small body of cavalry were seen descending the long, winding road and I thought it advisable to evacuate my station, and so left the place in a hurry. But the troops proved to be Major Lody's command of C. S. cavalry, who rode through the town to the east. By and by the United States troops came in sight. I was on the high ground just above town, and could see them as they dismounted just west of the bridge across Jackson river, and deployed to the right, and then facing east forded the river and gallantly entered the town.

It amused me, for there was not a boy over 10 years old in town, nor a man less than 165 years old—no one but women and children there; but they probably were looking out, for the troops that had just retired before them, were then only about half a mile east of town, drawn up in line of battle. Of the skirmish, I can only say that I saw one C. S. trooper after the action who had been shot in the foot, and Lieut. Davis told me that one of his men was shot in his side. Maj. Lody's command retired in good order, he says, but I do not think they were in any danger of being surrounded, as Major Lody only had about 85 men, all told.

There is another incident in connection with this retreat which Mr. B. does not relate, for the very good reason that he may have known nothing about it. As one of the United States troopers was bringing up the rear, he dismounted near the eastern terminus of the bridge, and by skillfully maneuvering a piece of timber gained admittance to Mr. A. F. Simpson's corn-crib. He got ready a sack of corn to carry away with him, but he had tarried too long. One of the C. S. troops came in sight, and the feet of the two horses clattered on that bridge till it woke the echos for miles around; but the sack of corn was in the way of the Yank, and the Johnny gained on him, and just west of the bridge, at the stern command to halt, the Federal halted, and from some unaccountable cause indulged in a hearty laugh, which could be plainly heard. I hope that soldier who was captured yet lives, and will tell us how he found out there was corn in that old blacksmith shop, used as a corn-crib.—JAMES F. ROBINSON.

Terpsichorean Experience.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—With a portion of my regiment I was stationed at San Bernardino, Cal., to look after the welfare of the Union element of that region, among whom were many rebs. But we would attend the balls. There was a party given at a ranch some five miles from town, and a friend of mine gave invitations to eight or ten of us to attend, but warned us to go armed, as the copperheads said they would clean out all the "blue-coats" that came. We went, all the same. To prevent any accident we placed a guard with our horses and then we "waltzed" in, with our 45-Remington six-shooters in our belts. Imagine a set or two of cavalry jackets dancing with as good-looking girls as almost any country can boast, and you have the programme that was carried out that evening. We did not run run away, and a pleasanter time seldom falls to the lot of a soldier boy than we enjoyed that evening.—E. B. WILES, 1st Cal. Cav.

'Round About Vicksburgh.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I take pleasure in reading the experience of "the boys." March, 1863, found our regiment (83d Ills.) at Alton, Mo. We were ordered to Cape Guerdo, on the Mississippi, to take a steamer for Vicksburgh, resting several days at Ironton. Do any of the command remember our Major Eliot trying how we could stand a forced march? He said we marched 4 miles in one hour. The boys of my mess captured a keg of beer when we got to the river, and although I am a strong prohibitionist, I thought I would drink my share for fear some of the boys would hurt themselves. We took the steamer Niagara, and landed at Young's Point, where a large force had collected to take Vicksburgh. The rebs had cut the levee, and as the river was high we had to camp in the mud. We had shelter tents, but the ground was so soft the stakes pulled up at night. And one night it rained, and we got quite damp oh both sides at the same time! I had the rheumatism so bad that I could only with difficulty get around, and when we marched below Vicksburgh, on the opposite side of the city, I had to be helped into the medicine wagon, for we had no ambulance. We camped at a place called James plantation. The owner was promised protection if he hoisted the American flag; but he said we could burn his house (a very large and costly one) rather; but his mansion was not burned. I was much disappointed in being too helpless to cross the river, but I had plenty of company in a few days, as there were 1,500 wounded and sick sent back.—W. G. D. WEED, 83d Ills.

Some Queries.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I would like to ask Comrade Knight if Wagner's division was not at Spring Hill and in line by 11 o'clock a. m. Did not Bradley's brigade have a sharp skirmish about 2 o'clock p. m.? One company of the 21st O. lost seventeen men. Was not the equivalent of two good divisions there at 4 p. m., and others in easy supporting distance? Was not Gen. Stanley watching operations long before dark? I presume Dan has read a staff officer's misleading dispatch. Sometimes a staff officer was as badly mistaken as a

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Languages of the World.

L. H., Winnemucca, Nev.: Primitive languages are those not derived from any other, and showing no similarity in their root-words. How many primitive languages there were originally no one knows, nor what they were. We know of them only by the languages which are related to one another, and hence probably have a common origin. The various families of languages, as given by Frederic Muller, (Vienna, 1878), are:

1.—Papuan languages.
2.—Hottentot languages, 2 groups.
3.—Caffre or Bantu, 3 groups, each with many subdivisions.
4.—Negro languages, 21 groups, with many subdivisions.
5.—Australian languages, 3 divisions, 5 groups.
6.—Malayo-Polynesian languages, 4 divisions, 8 groups.
7.—Turanian or Mongolian languages, 4 grand divisions, with many groups—including Magyar (Hungarian), Tartar, Turkish, Chinese, Japanese and many other important ones.
8.—Arctic languages, 6 divisions.
9.—American Indian languages, 26 divisions, with numerous groups.
10.—Dravidian languages, 3 divisions, many groups.
11.—Nubian languages, two divisions, many groups.
12.—Languages of the Mediterranean races, of which we give the divisions below:

1.—Basque.
2.—Caucasian languages:
(a) Leughian, Avar, Kasikamuk.
(b) Circassian, Abkhasian.
(c) Kistic (Tush).
(d) Georgian, Lazish, Mingrelian, Luanian.
3.—Semitic languages.
(a) Hamitic languages:
1.—Libyan group.
2.—Ethiopic group.
3.—Egyptian group.
(b) Semitic languages:
1.—Northern group—Chaldee, Syriac, Hebrew, Samaritan, Phœnician.
2.—Southern group—Ethiopic, Amharic, Tigre, Arabic, etc.
4.—Aryan languages.
(a) Indian group:
1.—Sanskrit, Pali, Prakrit.
2.—Modern Indian languages—Bengali, Assami, Oriya, Nepalilese, Cashmerian, Sindhi, Punjaubi, Hindustani, Gujarati, etc.
3.—Languages of the Sijaposh, Dardu tribes and Gypsies.
(b) Iranian group:
1.—Old Persian, Modern Persian, Parsee, Kendish, Beluchi, Pehlevi, etc.
2.—Zend, Afghan.
3.—Ossetian.
4.—Armenian.
(c) Celtic group:
1.—Welsh.
2.—Gaelic.
(d) Italic group:
1.—Etruscan, Umbric, Oscan, Latin, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Roumanian, etc.
(e) Thraco-Illyrian group: Albanese.
(f) Greek group: Ancient and modern Greek.
(g) Letto-Slavic group:
1.—Slavic languages—Bulgarian, Serb, Slovenish, Russian, Polabic, Bohemian, etc.
2.—Old Prussian languages—Lithuanian, Lettish.
(h) Germanic languages:
Gothic, High German, Plattdeutsch, Anglo-Saxon, English, Frisian, Flemish, Dutch, Icelandic, Swedish, Danish.

Old Coins.

M., Spring Valley, Minn., says: "I have a bronze medal a little larger than a quarter; on one side the words, "Ships, Colonies and Commerce;" on the other, a ship. It has no date. What is its history, and of what value?"

If any one can give its history, we shall be glad to publish.

R. T. W., Old Fort, O.: The coin of which you send a rubbing is a $20 gold piece, issued at the U. S. assay office at San Francisco, in 1853. So far as we can find, there is no premium on it. It is the first of the kind we ever saw, however. If any reader can give a fuller history of this issue, and whether a premium is offered, we will be glad to publish.

W. A. W.: The coin of which you send a rubbing is a French of the reign of Louis XV, 1723. We don't know what it is worth, for you do not say whether it is gold, silver or copper. If, however, is only worth the metal in it here, for American dealers do not care to handle foreign coin. It might be worth a good premium in Europe, however.

J. H. C., Fulk's Run, Va.: The silver quarter of 1853 *without arrows* on each side of date, if in perfect condition, is worth $4; if not, then much less.

W. A. W., Oberlin, Kan.: The nicked of 1883, without the word "cents," nickel, has no premium. There are too many thousands of them in circulation. The second rubbing you send is of a Portuguese coin of Isabel II, 1858 or 1868, we can not tell which. You do not tell what metal it is, hence we can not tell its value. The third rubbing is of an Austrian kreutzer, dated 1816. The kreutzer is worth 48-100 of a cent, or less than a half-cent.

Long and Time Measures.

R. S. B., Huron, O., asks: "What nation first introduced into general use, and when, our present mode of measurement by feet and inches? or our whole system of long measure as used at the present time was introduced as a whole, when? Give similar information as to time. When did our present system of 24 hours in a day first come into general use?"

Our measures of length originated in the dawn of civilization, and came to us through the Anglo-Saxons. The yard was originally the length of the arm; the foot, the length of the foot. The word inch is derived from the Latin *uncia*, a twelfth part; but when the foot was divided into twelfths instead of tenths, or elevenths, no one can tell certainly. Probably the inch was originally the length of the second joint of the forefinger, and 12 of these about equal the length of the arm. The inch used to be divided into 3 barleycorns, which were originally the length of a grain or "corn," of barley. The mile is of original Roman origin, its name shows: for it is derived from the first word of the Latin phrase *millia passuum*, "a thousand paces." The rod probably was originally a rod of wood.

The division of the day into 24 hours originated among the Egyptians, then passed to Babylon, and then to Greece. Why 24 hours was taken it is impossible to tell, unless in some way from the 12 signs of the zodiac. The Chinese reckon 12 hours to the day and night, being twice the length of our hour—evidently making their hour the time of the apparent passage of the sun over one of the 12 zodiacal signs. The origin of the division of the hour and minute into sixtieths is entirely lost.

The Letters "O. K."

L. H., Winnemucca, Nev.: The letters "O. K." signify "all right" or "all correct." It is said their use originated with the original Jacob Astor, the New York millionaire. His judgment was considered safe among the merchants of his day, and he was a sort of general referee as to the solvency or standing of other traders. If a note of inquiry as to any one's standing was sent to him, if the reply was intended to be satisfactory, he was accustomed to scrawl "O. K." on the margin and return it. These letters were intended to mean "Oll Korrect," and are now universally used to mean "all correct."

That is one account of the origin of the letters. The other is this:

While James Parton, the historian, was at Nashville in search of historical material, he found, among the records of a court, of which Gen. Jackson had been judge, a great many legal documents endorsed "O. R.," which meant "Order recorded," but so scrawlingly written that one could easily read "O. K." instead of "O. R." The story has been told that Jackson, when President, marked papers "O. K.," meaning "oll korrect," and it may have originated from some one seeing a packet of these legal documents marked "O. K."

Jeff Davis's Capture.

F. M. W., Climax, Mich., writes, in reply to A. A., Freeman, Kan., who argued through the Bureau of THE BLADE of May 15 the name of the man who first captured Jeff Davis. He says: "Col. Pritchard, of the 4th Mich. Cav., in his official report to the War department, says: 'I would mention the names of Corporals Munger, of Co. C; Crittenden, of Co. E; together with privates James Bullard, of Co. C; Andrew Bee and Daniel Edwards, of Co. L, who were present at the hulting of Davis; besides several others whose names I did not obtain before leaving the regiment.'

"This report is taken from 'Michigan in the War,' and is no doubt reliable.

"I would also further add that the Andrew Bee spoken of in Col. Pritchard's report, now a resident of Allegan county, Mich., claims to have been the first man who laid hands on Jeff at the time of his capture. He would be glad to publish if you will put it in proper and understandable form.

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Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Backache, kidney pains, weakness and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Pyramid Stones.

Inquirer: The stones in the pyramids of Ghizeh are either of red granite from the quarries of Assouan, or else of a hard, calcareous stone from the quarries of Mokattam and Turah. There are of enormous proportions, the largest 10 to 14 feet long, 2 to 4 feet high, and 4 to 6 feet wide. The longest are at the bottom, and they get shorter as the top is neared, but the thickest are near the summit. The handling of these huge blocks took enormous work, and probably derricks and the methods of handling stones now in use were employed by the Egyptians. The granite blocks were floated down the Nile; the other stones probably hauled by oxen teams, on a great causeway, on a great causeway, 8 miles long, from the quarries—the remains of which still exist.

The Word "De."

J. S., Lilly, Ill., asks: "What is the meaning of 'de' placed before so many French and Spanish names?"

It simply means "of." The names of such persons are derived from the name of their family estate, that of a village, town, etc. Thus the name "Delaware" was that of Lord Delaware, whose name originally was "de la Warre"—"of the Warre." The name of Delaroix, the famous French painter, is "of the Cross." Don Quixote's name was "Don Quixote de la Mancha," that is, "Don Quixote of the village of La Mancha." "Delisle" is "de l'isle," that is, "of the isle." The full name of the river commonly called the Rio Grande, in Spanish is "Rio Grande del Norte," that is "Grand river of the North"—"del" being a contraction of "de la."

Beneficial Laws.

J. J. R., Lovington, Ill., asks: "What laws have been passed by Congress since 1861 that have been beneficial to the farmer?"

The effect of a new law can not be clearly foreseen, in any case, until they are shown by its practical workings. Laws are framed, not for a class of men, but for all; and are intended to benefit, indirectly, every one. The protective tariff, as a whole, has been of enormous benefit to every man in the country, directly or indirectly. It is impossible to make a list of specific enactments of Congress that have been beneficial to agriculture or to any thing else. It would take months of labor to dig out such a list, and it would not pay for the trouble.

The "Unpardonable Sin."

J. E. G. asks: "What constitutes sin against the Holy Ghost?"

See Matthew xii, 31, 32; Mark iii, 29; Luke xii, 10, for scriptural references to the matter. The commonly received view, we think, is that the "unpardonable sin" is a persistent refusal to yield to the pleadings of the Holy Spirit in the heart, and remaining in sin, instead of repenting thereof and becoming an humble Christian. One who thus refuses dies impenitent, of course, and necessarily his sin is unpardonable if he dies without repentance.

The Oldest Pensioner.

A subscriber at Wilson, Kan., writes as follows: "I see in the column of 'Current Events' in THE WEEKLY BLADE of May 29, an item giving Mrs. Ann Hyde the credit of being the oldest United States pensioner. My mother, Mrs. Susan Montanya, receives from the government a pension as the widow of a soldier of the war of 1812—and if she lives to see the 10th of next September, will be 103 years of age. She lives in the city of New York."

Who knows of an older pensioner? Write to THE BLADE if you do.

"Loco" Weed.

G. P., Tecumseh, Tex., replying to W. W. S., of New Mexico, says: "There are three varieties of loco weed; all are poisonous, but one only is dangerously so. When stock eats it and gets a taste, they hunt for it the same as a drunken man hunts for liquor. If they find much of it, they go crazy, rear up and fall back, and will not lead with a halter. They never get over its effects. It grows in Texas, New Mexico, and west of the Rio Grande river. 'Loco' is a Mexican word, and means crazy."

The Origin of Brass.

D. M., Great Bend, Kan., writes: "In the Bureau of Weekly BLADE of April 24, you say the origin of brass is unknown. I saw a note in chemistry years ago which said that the ancients, by heating copper in connection with some kind of stone, procured a metal of lighter color and greater weight. Job xxviii, 2. That stone was supposed to be the ore of zinc."

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A man might almost as well get tight himself as to get his trousers tight. His legs have to suffer in either case.

If a man habitually gets tight, it will ruin him in the long run. If he gets his trousers tight, he will ruin them in a very short run.

How is it, then, that a man who keeps sober is well off, while if his trousers are tight they are better off?

Must the relations between man and trousers be always strained? No. Let him keep quite sober, and get his trousers a little full.—[Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

A Constant Reminder.

Dashley—I did not see you at the club last evening.

Cashley—No; I don't go out very much now. I am so worried by creditors that I cannot enjoy social gayeties.

Dashley—Why, I should think they would relieve your mind.

Cashley—Yes, I thought so, too, and yet the last time I went to a dancing party I heard a fellow call out, "Balance all," and it mortified me 'most to death. —[America.

Overdoing Matters.

Stranger (in Texas town)—Who is the most popular man in the town?

Texan—Guess Maj. Twofingers is, though he's a leetle disliked jest now for his ungentlemanly conduct.

Stranger—What did he do?

Texan—Well, he's been shooting somebody every day for the last three weeks, and you know yourself, stranger, that every day is goin' a leetle too far.—[Harper's Bazar.

Proof Positive.

A.—Come, now, you must own that you have gone partially mad on the score of gymnastics?

B.—Mad? Why, gymnastics mean strength, health, long life.

A.—That may be, but the fact is our forefathers knew nothing of gymnastics, and——

B.—And they are dead, every man jack of them!—[Tagliche Rundschau.

A Future State.

Sunday School Teacher—"Do yo believe in a future state, Tommy?"

Tommy—"Yes'm."

"Why?"

"Because papa does."

"But why does papa?"

"Because he's just bought a farm out in Wyoming territory." —[Yonkers Statesman.

Just the Other Way.

The story is told of a famous Boston lawyer that one day, after having a slight discussion with the judge, he deliberately turned his back upon that personage, and started to walk off. "Are you trying, sir, to show contempt for the court?" asked the judge sternly. "No, sir," was the reply. "I am trying to conceal it."—[Exchange.

Not a Practical Reformer.

Mrs. Squibs—"John, I want you to stay home to-morrow and put down that parlor carpet."

Mr. Squibs (editor of a free trade-paper)—"I don't know anything about putting down carpets, dear."

"And here you've been hammering all year at the carpet tax?"—[Yonkers Statesman.

A Great Driver.

Bacon—Are you calling on Miss Coupe now?

Egbert—Yes.

"Her father drives some fine horseflesh. Has he driven you out yet?"

"No, not yet; but I'm terribly afraid he will some night."—[Yonkers Statesman.

Can't Miss Them.

Creditor—"May I ask whether you ever expect to meet your indebtedness?"

Hardup—"Meet it? Why, great Scott, man, I meet it every time I go into the street! Don't you throw it in my face often enough?—[Harper's Bazar.

Terrible!

"Ah, mam'selle, you are really beautiful this evening. That rosy mouth, those heavenly eyes, those hands, those feet—oh, they're all immense!"—[Fliegende Blaetter.

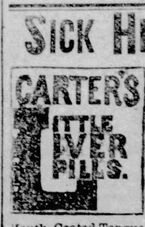
Must Have It at Any Cost.

It will cost New York tax-payers $450,000 to put the ballot-reform law into operation. Ballot reform comes high, but we must have it.—[Philadelphia Call.

Cooking School Bread.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
So I read in Holy Writ;
If the bread is what our daughters
Bake, then I believe in it.
—[Light.

SICK HEADACHE



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NAST WITH GLADIATORS.

THE SENATORIAL ARENA VISITED.

Where Senators Hump Themselves --Where Chests Belong--National Dress---Hiscock's Hat---Persons and Things.

[Written for THE BLADE by Willis B. Hawkins. Illustrated by Thos. Nast. Copyrighted 1890.]

EVERY time I take a stroll with Mr. Nast I find new and striking characteristics. The other day I was about to remonstrate with him on some of these fads of his while sauntering through the Capittl, when Nast shied off and asked where that doorway led.

"That is the entrance to the gallery of the United States Senate Shall we look upon the arena where the battles of the people are fought?" I asked, rather huffed at the way he had bluffed me in my attempt to tame him down.

"Arena!" said Mr. Nast, the soul of the artist lighting his eye with its divine fire. "Is this an arena? Do gladiators meet here to do battle? Ah! what a picture that word 'arena' calls up—a picture of proudly erect gladiators, each having an equal chance in the combat and all wearing their chests up where chests should be worn. But can this be called an arena, where the gladiators meet on so unequal

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN GLADIATORS IN THE ARENA.

terms, and where the chests of so many have dropped down into their pockets?

"And yet," mused the artist, "there is something gladiatorial about them, after all, standing as they do, shielded behind the cast-iron laws that they make, and, if not drawing blood from each other, at least bleeding the community at large pretty-freely."

"Shall we remain here?" I asked.

"No; let us take a walk."

Quite willing to take anything that Mr. Nast might suggest, I acquiesced and we set out down Pennsylvania avenue, continuing our stroll to the White House, where I explained to him that they are talking of building a new Presidential home because this one is too

THE SMALL WHITE HOUSE FOR THE LARGE STATESMEN.

lilliputian for the brobd nagnagian statesmen who are called to occupy it.

"Is it really too small?" asked Mr. Nast.

"Too small? I should say so. Why, last summer they drove the red ants out of it because they took up so much room."

"I thought they drove them out because the President was afraid he might be charged with nepotism if he permitted them to stay there," said Mr. Nast.

"No; it was because there was not room for the ants and the other occupants at the same time. A great and glorious country like this ought to have an executive mansion that could not be so easily filled. This one will do very well for the Presidential offices, but when you come to adding sleeping and cooking, and laundry accommodations, it is easy to see what a plight the chief executive and his household are in."

"Being the capital of the nation, Washington, I suppose, is like London, and Paris, and Berlin, the place to come to see the best development of national style of dress as well as of general culture," said Mr. Nast.

"Oh, yes, of course. Here it is that the wealth and culture of the country congregate, and here, of course, one can see those who make the fashions for the nation."

Mr. Nast grabbed me by the arm and began singing to a familiar air the words: "Where did you get that——?"

"Sh!" I cautioned him. "That is Senator

APOLLO ADORNED.

Hiscock, and it is highly improper to ask him where he got it. It may be all right to ask yourself in silence why he got it, and why, having got it, he persists in wearing it pulled down to the bridge of his nose, but where he got it is a question that does not conform to the dignity of a United States Senator. Now, if it were a cake of soap or a brand of smoking tobacco, it might be proper for a Senator to write out an advertisement and sign his name to it, telling not only where he got it, but how much he thinks of it. It would be undignified, however, for a Senator to advertise a hat house."

"But not the hat alone," said Mr. Nast. "The tout ensemble! Is it not a rare combination of taste and elegance?"

"Yes; the ongsomb is very tout—indeed it is, as we say in the French, tout utterly tout tout."

"I not

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1890.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

A study of the general trade situation for last week shows a satisfactory tendency to good business, as has been manifested all during the year. In fact, matters look even brighter now than at any time thus far, for there is an evident activity in the coal and iron industries which has not before developed. The coal trade has been referred to before as giving signs of improvement, and now reports from the leading iron centers shows that this industry is falling into the line of general prosperity. According to the *Iron Age* Chicago has reported the heaviest week's business since last November and Cincinnati also reports greater activity than for a long time, with an advance in the price of Southern pig at both points of 50 cents a ton. From other points, such as Pittsburg, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chattanooga and Birmingham, come favorable accounts, and there is evidently promise of a much more satisfactory situation for the furnacemen.

The tone of general business, particularly as indicated by bank figures and railroad earnings, is upward, and there has been greater activity and an enlarged volume of transactions. The *Financial Chronicle*, referring to its summary of bank clearings for the month of May, which shows an improvement in the total as compared with the corresponding month last year of $1,031,000, or 21½ per cent, says:

"This includes New York, where Stock Exchange speculation has played an important part in swelling the aggregates, and yet even outside of New York the improvement is almost 19 per cent. Not for a long time past have we had such a heavy ratio of gain either for the country as a whole or for those outside of New York; in fact, in the latter case the ratio is the heaviest of any month since June, 1887—that is, three years ago. And the addition the present year follows not a loss, but a gain, last year, the aggregate for all cities in May, 1889, having shown 11.6 per cent increased interest and the aggregate outside of New York 9.2 per cent increase.

The stock sales on the New York Stock Exchange for May were about one-half larger than in the corresponding month last year, reaching about 11,000,000 shares last month as against a little over 7,000,000 shares in May, 1889, and the value of the aggregate sales in May was about double that of the preceding month of this year, which illustrates the greater activity on the stock exchange.

There has also been a steady increase of railroad earnings, both gross and net, 87 roads showing no less than 16.03 per cent increase over the same week last year when on 73 roads the increase was 8.44 per cent. Among the trunk lines the Louisville & Nashville shows $176,525 increase, the Chesapeake & Ohio $159,831, and the Wisconsin Central $103,723.

In the New York stock market there was some little temporary flurry and business was done on a small scale, but there was subsequently a gradual hardening tendency and now there is a manifest confidence in the future of values. The range of money on call was 12 and 4 per cent, averaging 5 per cent.

ROSA BONHEUR'S "HORSE FAIR."

Read the splendid offer for this admirable picture, given in the Publishers' Column on the 5th page of this issue. Orders are steadily coming in under it, and the pictures going rapidly. We wish to close them out as soon as possible, and hope every one who has not the "Horse Fair" already will avail himself of it before they are all gone. Be particular to mention that you want the "Horse Fair."

A NEW method of overcoming a Republican majority in a Southern Congressional district was brought to light by the testimony before the House Elections committee in the McDuffie-Turpin contest. The district in Mississippi has a natural Republican majority of from 16,000 to 18,000. McDUFFIE was the Republican candidate, and TURPIN the Democratic. The election judges were all Bourbons, and in the strong Republican precincts they simply counted McDUFFIE'S votes for TURPIN, and *vice versa*. Thus the returns gave TURPIN over 13,000 majority, which was practically the majority to which McDUFFIE was legally entitled. The House has given the votes to the man for whom they were really cast, and seated Mc DUFFIE.

THERE are a few papers yet remaining in the country, which still indulge, like little children, in the practice of calling names. One of them, for example, refers to First Assistant Postmaster General JAMES S. CLARKSON as "J. SIVA CLARKSON." This is supposed to be sarcastic, as well as smart; in reality it betrays ignorance, for SIVA is one of the Hindu trinity of gods, and is the Destroyer—but he is the destroyer of evil. Hence the point of the fling at Mr. CLARKSON is turned against the Democrats themselves. However, the habit of "calling names," of which the above is an example, is boorish, and it is to be hoped will soon sink into deserved oblivion.

RECENTLY the *American Economist*, of New York city, inquired of about 1,500 seniors in various American colleges as to their position on protection, with the result that 488 are found to favor protection, 674 "tariff reform," and 274 absolute free trade. Two-thirds of the students report that their instruction has leaned toward tariff reform or free trade. This accounts for the number of "tariff reformers" among them. After they have been out in the world for a while, their views will change. There is nothing that knocks such nonsense out of a man so quickly as a few years in actual business.

THOSE good people who are demanding the issue by the United States of an enormous paper currency—"greenbacks"—should look at the result of such a policy in the Argentine Republic. Money was plenty, trade active and an enormous immigration took place. Then the inevitable result occurred; there was too much paper money, confidence fled, gold sailed up to over 300, failures occurred by wholesale; now everything is prostrated in business circles, and immigration has not only stopped, but 13,000 people have left the country inside of three months.

THE Chicago *Tribune* wildly headlines a free trade editorial, "What Will the Western Senators Do?" Well, they will vote for the McKinley bill; that's what they'll do. At the present writing we know none of them who is willing to commit political hari-kari by voting against it.

SELFISHNESS AS AN AID TO THE RUM POWER.

The battle for the Prohibitory amendment in Nebraska has developed one phase of man's selfishness as an aid to the Rum Power in that State. Some person in Louisville, apparently in the employ of a third-party organ in New York city, pretended to be an advertising agent, and sent propositions to country papers throughout Nebraska, asking them their terms for publishing anti-Prohibition articles as pure reading matter; and their terms for similar matter to be published as editorial articles in their columns. A large number of editors replied, giving price per line for such matter—thus showing that they are willing, for selfish gain, to not only impose Rum literature upon their patrons, but sell the editorial opinions of their papers at so much a line!

We do not believe in the policy of doing evil in the hope that good may come, and hence do not envy the conscience of the person who prepared this trap, nor of the third party editor who employed him. We have as profound a contempt for the paper and its tool as we have for the Nebraska editors who were writing to make their papers and themselves slaves of the Rum Power, and to betray their subscribers. In point of honesty, there is nothing to choose between the men who laid the trap and the men who fell into it. The whole affair but serves as a warning to the voters of Nebraska not to put any faith in the utterances of their local papers on this question. Papers that are for sale are unsafe guides. They must seek information on which to base their action at the polls from other and incorruptible sources.

There is no argument of any kind against the amendment that will stand the test of honest examination. The fact can not be disputed that the money spent for Rum is utterly wasted. The men who pay it out get nothing in return that is of value to themselves or families—quite the reverse. It also can not be disputed that the total thus paid for Rum every year is very large. Equally true is it that, under Prohibition, this money would be either saved by these men for a "rainy day," or be spent for more and better food, clothing, furniture, and other necessaries and comforts of life. Thus it would benefit themselves, and at the same time add many thousand dollars per year to the trade of grocers, merchants, manufacturers, and all that class of respectable occupations.

Nor can it be denied that the great bulk of minor offenses against good order, much of the low vice, and many of the crimes, in Nebraska as in any other community, are the direct result of the drink habit. To shut up the saloons, to stop the traffic, would greatly increase public morality, and decrease disorder, vice, and crime. A glance the police court reports in any daily newspaper will show that the majority of the offenses brought before these courts are either drunkenness, or something which is its direct result. All these will be stopped by Prohibition, and the expenses attending these cases will also stop.

Equally true is it that the saloon is the most potent influence in brutalizing men, especially young men. It degrades its customers and frequenters. It drives them to a lower social, mental and moral plane. It is the great stumbling-block to the growth of the masses in civilization and enlightenment. Besides this, it is a training-school for drunkards. Were it not for the open saloon, and the infernal habit of "treating," thousands of men who to-day are Rum-sodden drunkards would be upright, clean, moral members of society. Instead of disgracing their friends, they would be an honor to them. Is there any money equivalent that can for a moment be weighed against these tremendous facts?

As for those men who have disgraced the editorial profession in Nebraska by offering to sell their papers and themselves, the patrons they are ready to betray for money should promptly refuse any further patronage of any kind. An editor may honestly and conscientiously oppose any proposed legislation; but he should not be willing to take money for editorially opposing it. Per contra, if he honestly favors it, he should not take money for editorials supporting it. The paper whose editorial opinions are for sale has forfeited all public confidence, and should speedily be left without public support.

There are other citizens of Nebraska who oppose the amendment for reasons not one whit better than do these venal editors. The farmer who is influenced to vote against it by the silly fear that the market for his barley or his corn will be injured, is one of these. The man who rents his property to a saloon-keeper is another. The man who will be influenced by any selfish consideration of this character is just as bad as the man who will take $5 to vote against the amendment. All stand upon the same moral—or rather, immoral—plane. And it is a fact to be lamented that there are so many men to be found in any community who can be and are thus influenced. They neglect their duty to their fellow-men; they practically ask the same question as did CAIN—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

If every voter in Nebraska will consider the duty he owes to society, to civilization, to public morality, to the conservatism of law and order, to the young, and to the generations yet unborn, there is not one of them but will cast his vote in favor of the amendment. All the arguments that the Rum Power uses—outside of direct bribery—are of this character. They appeal to the selfishness of man, to his greed, or to his fear of losing the chance of making a few cents. The only thing one can do who is true to the eternal principles of right, who endeavors to regulate his conduct by the Golden Rule, is to vote for the amendment and thus

Pulverize the Rum Power.

"ANDERSONVILLE" NEARLY GONE.

Several weeks ago we announced that we had printed 1,300 copies of "Andersonville," and that when they were exhausted the book will be out of print, and therefore unobtainable. Since that time we have sold about 1,000 copies. Therefore, but 300 copies remain; and it may be taken as a fact that those who do not order within 30 days will be too late. All will be gone. *And we will not reprint the book.*

The book is one which every one interested in the war of the rebellion should have. It is the recital of the experience of JOHN MCELROY in Andersonville and other rebel prisons, and gives the best history of life in the prison-pens of the South which has ever been published. It is a large volume—so large that the postage on it is 25 cents—and was originally sold by subscription at $3 per copy. We will now send a copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.25. Remember this is the last chance; when the 300 copies now on hand are sold, the book will be out of print. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

ALL the papers are quoting "Oh, what is so rare as a day in June?" That's easy. A free trade paper that will tell the truth about the tariff issue is a great deal rarer.

FARMERS' ILLS.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR RELIEF?

The Blade Desires to Hear From the Farmers Themselves Upon the Subject of Their Troubles.

There is a great deal of distress among the farmers of the country. The prices of their products is low, and many of them find it not only impossible to make any profit, but actually to meet their expenses. Many have mortgages on their farms, and find it impossible to lift them. There has been a great deal of wild talk on the general subject for several months past, and THE BLADE would like to know the truth.

We recognize the fact that agriculture stands at the foundation of national prosperity, and that unless the farmers are doing well the nation at large cannot flourish. THE BLADE has always steadily championed all measures that it believed to be for the well-being of the agricultural community, and it proposes to try to find out, from the farmers themselves, what is the matter, and what measures, in their judgment, will aid them.

We ask our farmer friends to write us letters, *as short as possible*, answering the following questions:

1.—What is the condition of the farmers in your vicinity—are they meeting expenses, making money, or losing it?

2.—How many in every 10, in your judgment, are mortgaged? Were these mortgages given for improvements, to pay for the land, or to raise money to live upon?

3.—Where the farmers are running behind, is it the result of bad management, poor crops, or low prices and high freight rates, or all of them?

4.—What is the judgment of the farmers of your community as to the relief possible by legislation? What should the state legislature do in the way of giving relief, and what should Congress do?

5.—What are the principal crops of your vicinity? Is the climate adapted to the raising of other crops, which would be more profitable? And if so, what?

Please make your replies as short as you can. We want them, primarily, for our own information; but we shall publish a selection of them, taking those that are representative of the views of others writing from the same section, so that our readers may be able to judge of these important matters for themselves. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left-hand corner write "Farmers' Column." Do *not* address them to the "Farmstead."

THE FARMERS AND SERVICE PENSIONS.

Every farmer in the land, whether he be an ex-soldier or not, should join the Union Service Pension Association. The distress in the farming communities, especially in the West, caused by low prices of grain, etc., would be largely alleviated by the passage of a general service pension bill.

It is estimated that such a bill would require some $120,000,000 per year. That means, at every quarterly pension payment, *thirty million dollars* would be paid out to pensioners.

Thirty million dollars thrown into the channels of trade every three months would be the salvation of the West. The great majority of the ex-soldiers are farmers themselves. This money would be used at once to get them out of debt; the rate of interest would go down, and men could borrow more cheaply.

The money would be paid to merchants and others, and make easy times for them, for it would largely increase their trade; and every one in the country would share in the blessing of a more abundant supply of cash in the hands of the people, and the tightness of the money market in the West would disappear like magic.

Remember, it is not the amount in the country per capita that makes prosperity. There may be an abundance of cash, but if it is all in the hands of money sharks it does not alleviate distress. It is the amount in the hands of the masses of the population that makes easy times.

That is where the service pension bill would put thirty millions every three months. There is no legislation possible to Congress which would so quickly, so completely, so thoroughly give relief to the struggling farmers of the West as the passage of a service pension law.

"FORAKER, OF OHIO."

Under the above caption the Brooklyn *Times* has a ringing editorial, whose judgment of Ohio's brilliant ex-governor, and comment upon his selection as chairman of the coming state Republican convention, will meet with hearty endorsement from every Republican anxious for his party's success in the campaign this year:

The selection of ex-Governor Foraker as temporary chairman of the Ohio Republican state convention seems to have rattled some of our esteemed Democratic contemporaries, which for some months have been indulging in the delusion that the gallant Ohio leader had been snugly tucked into his little grave. The chances are that Joseph B. Foraker will treat them to a few more surprise parties of the same sort before he is done with them.

Foraker is not a "Stuffed Prophet;" he does not pose as a ponderous paragon of all the virtues, or pretend to be incapable of making mistakes. He is impulsive, warm-hearted and perhaps also a little hot-headed. He has made mistakes; he may and probably will make more before he concludes that it is time for him to die. But he is very much of a man—bright, aggressive and audacious, with a big head full of the best quality of brains, and veins full of blood. At his worst he is worth any dozen of the cold-blooded apologies for manhood who have howled the loudest over his errors and been most anxious to officiate as grave-diggers at his interment. He is a loyal Republican, a true American and an honest, straightforward man, and the Ohio Republicans do not propose to deprive themselves of the benefit of his leadership out of deference to the sensitive feelings of his Democratic enemies.

Don't make any mistake about Joseph B. Foraker. He is a leader because he was born that way; he has never forfeited the respect and confidence of honest men, and he will do good and loyal service in bringing the state of Ohio back to the place it holds by right in the front of the Republican column.

THERE are several state elections between this time and the general November election. Oregon held her state election on June 2, and also re-elected BINGER HERRMANN, Republican, to the House—the first member yet chosen of the 52d Congress. Alabama and Kentucky will vote on August 4, Arkansas on September 2, Maine on September 8, and Georgia on October 1. One or more state officers will be elected in each state, and Vermont and Maine will choose Representatives in Congress.

THE British tin plate trust has been making a nice thing of the monopoly it has held hitherto. The London *Financial News* some time ago stated, on "good authority," that the tin plate works in South Wales are "returning considerably more than 20 per cent to their proprietors." The new duty on this plate, and the establishment of competition in the United States, will cut down such profits, and make tin plate cheaper to the public.

A CARD from DAN TALMAGE'S SONS & Co., the rice dealers of Charleston, S. C., informs us that there is a shortage of 90,824 bushels in the stock of domestic rice on hand. The inferance is that rice is going to increase in price. People who are fond of it will take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

THE CENSUS OF VETERANS.

One of the most important things in the census now being taken is the provision for ascertaining the names of surviving soldiers, sailors and marines who were mustered into the service of the United States during the war of the rebellion, and of the widows of soldiers, sailors and marines who have died. In connection with this special census of veterans, the organization or vessel in which they served, the term of service in each case, and present residence, will be taken by the census enumerators. In the case of widows, information regarding the service of their deceased husbands is also required.

Every ex-soldier should take a special interest in this enumeration of the survivors of the war. There is no other way of finding out the number; and when that is ascertained, a reliable basis for estimating the cost of pension legislation will at last be reached.

It is the belief of THE BLADE that the total of survivors of the Union armies is grossly exaggerated in the estimates which have been presented to Congress, and which have played an important part in defeating service pension legislation at the present session. We do not mean to charge Dr. AINSWORTH, of the Record and Pension division of the War department, who prepared the table of estimates for the use of Congress, with willful misrepresentation; we simply think he is mistaken. His figures are too large.

The task of making such an estimate is especially liable to error, because of two things: first, the actual number of individuals in the service is not known; second, the number of men of different ages who entered the army has never been ascertained. For instance, we do not know what per cent of the total number were between the ages of 35 and 40 when they enlisted. The deaths among the survivors of this class since the close of hostilities would of course be much greater in number than among those who were between 20 and 25 on enlistment.

After frankly acknowledging the extreme difficulty of making an estimate of the number of survivors, with the above data lacking, Dr. AINSWORTH goes on to make an estimate, which he does as follows:

ARMY.	
Total number of enlistments furnished during the war	2,778,304
Seamen and marines	105,263
Total enlistments in army	2,672,941
Re-enlistments (estimated)	543,906
Total men in army	2,128,948
Total deaths in army	359,558
Deserters	117,247 — 476,775
Alive at close war	1,652,173
NAVY.	
Total enlistments (estimated)	105,963
Re-enlistments (estimated)	21,540
Total of men	84,417
Deserters	4,649
Deaths	4,588 — 9,237
Alive at close of war	75,180
RECAPITULATION.	
Army survivors, 1865	1,652,173
Navy " "	75,180
Total	1,727,353

He then enters into a discussion of the expectation of life of these survivors, and arrives at the conclusion that on June 30, 1890, there will be 1,285,471 ex-soldiers and sailors alive.

He furnishes the following table, showing his estimate of the number of survivors (of course excluding deserters) on June 30 of each year from 1890 to 1909, inclusive, and at the close of each fifth year thereafter until none shall remain, as follows:

Year.	Survivors.	Year.	Survivors.
1890	1,285,471	1904	230,636
1891	1,201,223	1905	180,687
1892	1,238,076	1906	782,722
1893	1,209,068	1907	744,196
1894	1,182,889	1908	705,197
1895	1,154,818	1909	668,692
1896	1,125,725	1910	620,531
1897	1,095,628	1915	429,727
1898	1,064,524	1920	251,727
1899	1,032,418	1925	110,073
1900	999,309	1930	37,033
1901	965,318	1935	6,206
1902	930,380	1940	340
1903	894,585	1945	....

The figures of the census now being taken will be the first accurate and authoritative enumeration ever taken. The estimates given above have been made the basis of the plea that a service pension will be too costly—that the revenues, as at present constituted, are not enough to pay it, in addition to the other necessary governmental expenses. This has been the argument against all service pension bills in this Congress.

As we have stated before, we believe these figures much too large. We do not believe the census will show a much greater total than 800,000 survivors who are pensioned or pensionable. Hence the importance of having the enumeration as correct as possible, that Congress may have solid facts to go upon. The exact cost per year of a service pension measure can then be accurately determined, and the opponents of service pensions will have to come out openly, instead fo hiding behind a bulwark of guess-work figures of estimated cost.

DR. ELLIOTT COUES, of Washington city, erstwhile an ardent theosophist, is out with an expose of theosophy which convicts Madame BLAVATSKY, the female hierophant of that hodge-podge of Buddhist and other religious doctrines of being an arrant humbug and impostor. It is difficult to say what there was to expose, unless it be the pretended miracles of the BLAVATSKY. Theosophy is so nebulous a thing that it evades inquiry; it is like grasping at a fog in the hope of holding it. Its doctrines are about as tangible as moonshine. Those who are its disciples appear to be persons whose mental make-up is similar to that of those who believe in the Keely motor. Like the latter, theosophy has a vocaqulary of queer words, which may mean something to somebody, and which serve to excite curiosity while constantly baffling it. We doubt that Dr. COUES'S expose will convert one of them, however. People who devoutly believe in a thing because it is absolutely incomprehensible are of the sort who would sooner persist in error than to own that they have been made fools of.

SENATOR PLUMB'S resolution to have the Finance committee of the Senate report, along with the tariff bill, a table showing the increase or decrease of duty on every item in the schedules, is an excellent one. It will put in tabular form all changes made and the reasons therefor; and this will prove an educational document of the highest value during the campaign which is coming this fall.

THE municipal council of the city of Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama, has issued an order closing all business houses on Sunday, alleging as a reason that the proprietors and employes should have some leisure, and be able to devote some time to religious observances. Suppose some city council in the United States inaugurate, for the same reason, a real closing of saloons!

THERE are men who are rather proud to dub themselves "agnostics." "Agnostic" is of Greek derivation. We wonder whether they would as readily accept the Latin derivative of exactly the same meaning—"ignoramus"? Both words literally mean "one who does not know."

OREGON has fired the first Republican gun.

"NASBY IN EXILE."

A Handsome Illustrated Book, Worth $3.50, Given to Blade Subscribers for Simply Cost of Postage and Mailing.

We have just had newly printed and bound an edition of 5,000 copies of "NASBY IN EXILE," the last and best work of Mr. D. R. LOCKE issued in book form, which we are presenting to BLADE readers at a nominal price. "Nasby in Exile" is a complete history of Mr. LOCKE'S travels in Europe, not long preceding his death. It was published at great expense, the illustrations, which were drawn and engraved especially for it, alone costing nearly $3,000.

The volume is a large octavo, printed on a superior quality of book paper, containing about 700 pages, and several hundred illustrations. It is one of the best descriptive books since MARK TWAIN'S "Innocents Abroad," and its equal in merit, if not its superior, as it has the advantage of being much later and newer. The edition is now in the binders' hands; they are not dusty, shopworn volumes, but fresh and new.

The actual cost to us per volume (with wrapping and postage), aside from the original investment of several thousand dollars for the plates and illustrations, is 86 cents each. The retail price at any bookstore for a volume of this size and quality would be $3.00 to $3.50 each, without postage. We believe every reader of the BLADE who has not yet obtained it will desire a copy at the absurdly low price we now place upon it, and we hope to dispose of our 5,000 edition during June and July.

Now for a Remarkable Offer!

We will send, postpaid by mail, to any subscriber or reader of this proposition, a copy of this book, "Nasby in Exile," with the Weekly BLADE for six months, for only ONE DOLLAR. The price of the Weekly BLADE for six months is 60 cents; and by taking this from $1, you can see this only leaves 40 cents for the book; and as the postage on each one is 22 cents, and the wrapping and mailing cost a few cents, we only get about 15 cents each for them. Our object is to give the book a wide circulation, as well as to favor our patrons. THE BLADE takes opportunity, whenever offered, of giving its subscribers such favors as it can, without profit. Any one who has been a subscriber for the past four or five years has had the opportunity to realize benefits, other than reading the paper itself, which more than repaid the price of THE BLADE.

How to Obtain the Book:

FIRST—Any one not a subscriber, whose attention is called to this offer, has only to remit $1, and say in his letter he wants the Weekly BLADE six months and a copy of "Nasby in Exile;" the paper will begin to come at once, and the book be sent postpaid by mail promptly, as soon as the order is received.

SECOND—Every person now a subscriber to the Weekly BLADE can get a neighbor to subscribe for six months; he can add enough to the latter to make up $1, and we will send the book to him and the Weekly BLADE to any address ordered, whether at his own postoffice or some other. We would like to have every present subscriber who desires the book obtain it in this way, as our object in this offer is to increase the circulation of the Weekly BLADE.

THIRD—If not convenient to obtain a new subscriber, we will send the book to any present subscriber who sends $1, and will *extend his subscription* for six months longer.

If ever so liberal an offer has been made by any publisher in the United States, we have yet to hear it. We firmly believe no *bona fide* offer was ever made that gave so much value for so little money as that we give above. We are mailing the books, as fast as orders are received, at the rate of several hundred per day. We ask every BLADE reader to show this offer to his friends and neighbors, and aid us in having the remainder promptly taken. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE young republic of Brazil is undergoing trials which are similar to those which beset France, Mexico and all republics which have developed from imperial governments. The republics alluded to finally overcame the difficulties which surrounded them and now stand firm in the affections of the people. It will be so in Brazil. The growth and development of republicanism will eventually work out a satisfactory condition of affairs, even though bloodshed ensue before that end is reached.

No one takes up a regular publication without the expectation of finding something of interest. The simple act of turning the pages is as positive an example of expectation as is the opening of a closet if one is in search of a coat. Hence an announcement in a regular publication has an advantage over any other form of business solicitation—that of meeting the sought-for eye at a time that it is in a mood for such greeting.—*A. C. Ladd.*

THE effort which is almost universal in the South to educate the rising generation in the belief that the cause of the Confederacy was a just and righteous one, is well described in the words Gen. GEORGE H. THOMAS used in 1868, in speaking of affairs in the department of Tennessee, of which he was commander: "The political cant which covers the crime of treason with a counterfeit varnish of patriotism."

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD says there are now six problems before the American people—honest government, woman suffrage, the negro race, the rights of labor, the government of cities and the government of corporations. To these should be added the seventh—justice to the soldiers of the Union armies of the civil war.

THERE is an enormous increase in the acreage sown to flax in the Northwest this season over previous years. Flax seed sold at a little over a dollar a bushel last fall on the farm, when wheat brought only about half as much; while the yield per acre, and cost of raising, are about the same as wheat. The increase in acreage is about 45 per cent over last year.

SPEAKER REED has been renominated for Congress, and this is a guarantee of his re-election. The dissatisfaction in his district, alleged by Democratic and mugwump papers, did not materialize. It is always safe to discredit any statement of Republican dissaffection coming from a Democratic or mugwump source.

CONGRESSMAN DOLLIVER, of Iowa, states a truth that needs to be strongly emphasized when he declares "the American farm and the American factory are bound together in a partnership that promotes the prosperity of both."

AND now it seems that the poor babies born on or after June 1 are not to be included in the census returns. They will have to wait until they are ten-year-olds before they can be counted.

THE HOUSE SILVER BILL.

On Saturday the House of Representatives passed a silver bill, whose main provisions will very probably become a law. The measure will doubtless be modified in the Senate, but the indications seem to be that the final shape of the bill will be upon the same lines as that passed by the House.

This bill provides for the purchase of $4,500,000 worth of silver a month at the market rate, not exceeding $1 for 371¼ grains of pure silver, that being the quantity contained in the standard dollar; that in payment for this bullion Treasury notes are to be issued, which are to be redeemable in coin. These notes are to be legal tender for all debts, public and private, and are to be receivable for customs, taxes and all public dues.

On demand of the holder, the secretary of the Treasury is authorized to exchange for the notes an amount of silver bullion which shall be equal in value at the market price thereof to the amount of such notes presented. Whenever the market price of silver is $1 for 371¼ grains, owners of bullion are to be entitled to deposit the same at the mints to be coined for their benefit.

This bill makes silver the basis of popular circulation, the silver being bought at the market price instead of at the coinage rate. Free coinage is opposed by a very large class of people all over the country, because so long as the market rate is so far below the coinage rate, the danger is ever present that the silver dollar will depreciate, and pass only at its bullion value—less than 75 cents to the dollar. This would be a severe blow to the wage-earners of the country, who would be paid their wages in silver dollars—which they would be compelled to take, as they are legal tender; their wages would be cut down 20 or 30 per cent by receiving money of 20 or 30 per cent less purchasing value. The farmers, too, would have to sell their products in this depreciated coin. There is no proof, in history or anything else, that free coinage would increase the market price of silver, unfortunately; while the lesson of the past is to the effect that an overplus of silver dollars would bring a time when the farmers and working people will find their dollars to be seventy-five cents' worth of silver or certificates for that amount, and money dealers will have dollars worth a hundred cents, in gold or certificates for that amount.

As we understand this bill, its provisions will obviate that danger. It provides a government market for the entire silver product of the country, at the market rate, until the price of silver advances to the coinage rate—that is, until 371¼ grains of pure silver sell for one dollar. Then the government ceases to buy, but the silver men are to have free coinage in its stead. That is what the bill means. The certificates are to be full legal tender, and payable in "coin"—which means, gold or silver. This obviates the danger of their depreciation, even should silver dollars themselves drop to their bullion value.

There will be bitter opposition on the part of the silver miners, who want to turn 72 or 73 cents' worth of silver in at the mint and have it coined free into a silver dollar. This would benefit the mine-owners, but would not be one cent's benefit to the farmers and working-people—the masses of the country. This bill will increase the amount of money in circulation by $4,500,000 per month—the full output of our silver mines, and will thus benefit all the people. If the extended use of silver as coin will raise its price, as the silver men believe, this bill accomplish that purpose as quickly as would free coinage, without the danger of silver depreciation; and if silver reaches the coinage price, free coinage sets in at once.

THE OREGON ELECTION.

The election in Oregon on Monday, June 2, resulted in a Republican triumph, except that the present Democratic governor, PENNOYER, was re-elected. Hon. BINGER HERMANN, the present Republican Representative in Congress, was re-elected by a decisive majority over R. A. MILLER, who is a free trader of the Cleveland stripe. The battle for the seat in Congress was fought on the tariff issue, and the triumph of HERMANN shows that the voters of Oregon stand firmly in the protection ranks.

GOV. PENNOYER, Democrat, who was re-elected, is a wealthy lumber man, an aspirant for a seat in the United States Senate, and holds a very firm grip on the Democratic machine in that state. His election in 1886 was a bit of luck for the Democrats; and this year PENNOYER saw to it that their state ticket was made up largely with the purpose of being traded off for votes for himself. The scheme was successful, and he got through by a narrow plurality.

The only other office with a Democratic incumbent is state treasurer. G. W. WEBB was the Democratic nominee for re-election, but he was defeated by G. W. MCBRIDE, the Republican candidate. WEBB is said to be a very popular official, and his re-election was deemed certain by the Democrats. Consequently the net result of the contest was an emphatic endorsement of the Republican policy of protection by the re-election of Representative HERMANN, the gain of the state treasurership, and the retention of all other state offices held by Republicans. The Democrats retained the governorship and lost everything else. Good for Oregon!

COL. THOMAS M. BAYNE is declining the renomination for Congress, after he had won it over considerable opposition, has refuted the old adage about officials that "few die and none resign." His decision will be regretted by those who have watched his manly and consistent course during his long service in the House. He has been a Republican in every sense and has done valuable party and patriotic service. Though not an orator, his was a ready and forcible debater and was an indafatigable committee worker. He can look back upon his public career with pride and the consciousness of duty well performed.

GROVER CLEVELAND has written another letter—this time to the Illinois Democrats. He hopes that the Sucker state will soon come into its Democratic inheritance after so long a wait. The national Democratic party came "into its inheritance," after waiting for 24 years, with CLEVELAND at its head, and it squandered its substance so recklessly that the people turned it out bag and baggage after one brief term of service. It is not at all likely that Illinois will now go back on its Republican record.

ELI PERKINS is telling some plain truths in regard to the miserable wages paid to laborers in England. In this he simply corroborates the statements made by other careful investigators of the subject.

☞ *Send in the names of your Republican and farmer friends who do not take The Blade, that we may mail to them sample copies.*

OUR NEW STORY.

Written Expressly for The Blade, and to Be Run During the Coming Campaign.

As previously announced in these columns, we will shortly begin publishing in THE BLADE a very interesting serial, combining the interest of a rapidly-moving story of incident, turning upon the development of political events, with a discussion of current political issues. The "story with a purpose" is not a new thing, as witness the tremendous popularity of "Robert Elsmere," and others of the class; but a story dealing with the tariff, the subject of pensions, and other topics uppermost in the public mind at this time is a novelty, and from a perusal of the opening chapters we are certain our readers will pronounce it not only a success, but intensely interesting.

The author is one of the best-posted men of the country upon the tariff issue, in all its ramifications; he has written much upon it in a leading editorial capacity; and he is known as a writer of clever and interesting stories. Hence he is perfectly at home in the field selected, and THE BLADE'S readers may be assured that the story will be one worth their attention, and withal one that is likely to create a sensation.

The Scene of the Story

Is placed in Ohio, and while it refers back to the war period, the main action takes place in the future. The author has assumed that the present Congress fails to do justice to the surviving soldiers of the late war, or to answer the demands of the Western farmers for measures calculated to give them relief, and that consequently the next Congress (the Fifty-second) has a Democratic House. He then traces this supposed revulsion in public feeling through to the campaign of 1892, and the election of a Democratic President.

The reaction is so great that the Senate dare not oppose the will of the people, and the result is the overthrow of protection, the adoption of free trade, and other radical changes in national policy. The story then goes on to show the effect upon the people of the United States, gives a vivid pen picture of the new order of things, and the totally unexpected results which flow from it.

There is nothing in the story that is not only both possible and probable; and some startling pictures are drawn which, while they seem strange, are by no means beyond realization, and that within the next four years.

This story will give our readers new material for thought and discussion; it will broaden their horizon of political knowledge; and it will be especially useful to the boys and young men, just coming on the stage of political action.

Campaign Subscribers.

We shall make a special effort for campaign subscribers this summer, in order to give this story the widest circulation possible. We ask our friends to mail us lists of names of persons to whom we may send sample copies of THE BLADE with the full announcement of the story, which will be given shortly, and probably also sample copies containing the first installment. Send us names, and send them quickly!

MR. HALSTEAD, in the Brooklyn *Standard-Union*, quotes the following paragraph from THE BLADE:

The Atlanta *Constitution* says "men die, but caste lives forever." A very compact statement of the Southern question by a Southern paper.

He comments editorially upon it as follows:

There is a good deal of truth in what the *Constitution* said for once said, but we are not sure of the exact language of our intellectual contemporary. Certain it is that the same caste that had built up a great and oppressive and overbearing political power before the war, based on slavery, and asserting state sovereignty, has increased its political strength in proportion to numbers through the processes of war, is founded upon the memories of the rebellion, and has consolidated the states that were in rebellion as Confederates. It is the same old caste. And there is another streak of history—the Democratic party has all the while been subservient to these forces, and is, now, as before the war, its humble servant. As a rule, the torrents of history run in deep channels, but they sometimes spread abroad and leave the land the better for the flood. That is what we have yet to hope for.

THE Rochester *Post-Express*, a Democratic journal, after an extended comment upon GROVER CLEVELAND'S recent speech to the actors, concludes as follows:

Such a speech as this to such an audience is of one great advantage, at least. It affords to the veteran opportunity to study from nature—from the nude, so to speak—the personal hypocrite and political pharisee. It was a splendid chance for the comedians.

Evidently the *Post-Express* does not desire to see Mr. CLEVELAND again the candidate of the Democratic party.

IT is probable that the Democratic editors' outburst at some of the census questions arose from No. 23, which asks whether the person is "defective in mind." They probably suppose that, if free traders answered truthfully, they would be obliged to say "yes," and add, under a later clause, "name of defect," the word "idiot."

☞ *We will gladly send sample copies of The Blade free to any one. Send us in lists of names of your neighbors and friends who are not subscribers, that we may mail them samples.*

IT should be remembered that the importers who are protesting against the passage of the MCKINLEY bill all represent not American, but foreign interests. The bill was not drawn to protect foreign, but home interests.

SOMEBODY says that GROVER CLEVELAND has "lost ground" lately. He must refer to political ground, for Mr. CLEVELAND'S flesh—as he once said of the soil—"still remains in its place."

THE most atrocious pun of the last decade is that of the Buffalo *Commercial*, gotten off on June 2: "To-day the United States has come to its census, at last!" It should be chloroformed until 1900.

GEN. LONGSTREET is quoted as saying that "JEB" STUART was "the greatest cavalry leader the world ever saw." He is in error. That honor belongs to Gen. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

THE national debt has been decreased $67,787,722 in the eleven months that have passed of the present fiscal year. A pretty good showing for the Republican administration.

CONGRESSMAN CHEADLE is likely to be defeated for renomination. CHEADLE led the attack against Corporal TANNER when the latter was commissioner of pensions.

REMEMBER that the census enumerators are under heavy penalty not to disclose any fact of the census returns except to headquarters.

LET the example of Oregon be followed and let there be a generous return of Republican Congressmen in the coming campaign.

THE Georgia peach crop is said to be an "entire failure." We always supposed the Georgia peach was a watermelon.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Hop vines in Puyallup, Wash., recently grew thirteen inches in fourteen hours.

Bret Harte is a very careful worker—careful that he does not overwork himself.

Mrs. William Waldorf Astor is one of the best mandolin players in the Four Hundred.

Whittier is to write a poem of 100 lines for the coming 250th anniversary celebration at Haverhill, Mass.

Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the gun which bears his name, is 80 years old, and he lives at Hartford.

"Mark Twain's" friends wish to contest the claim that Edwin Booth is the laziest man in the world.

The one hundred and eighty-ninth anniversary of the founding of

JUSTICE "to him who has borne the battle, to his widow and orphans."

UNION SERVICE PENSION ASS'N.

ORGANIZED.

The First Reports of the Organization of Union Service Pension Associations.

Vista Camp, No. 1 of Missouri.

VISTA, MO.—12th Congressional district. R. M. J. Dyer, Commandant; Neely Berry, V. C.; Dr. Thos. Cunningham, Adj't.; John L. Laflin, Q. M. Organized June —; 55 members.

Science Hill Camp, No. 1 of Kentucky.

SCIENCE HILL, KY.— —— Congressional district; D. Bond, Commandant; G. W. Dickerson, V. C.; J. J. Evans, Adj't. Organized June 7; 60 members.

Vista Camp says:

You may expect to see ballots put in straight for "per diem" congressmen. Mugwump congressmen we have no use for, no more than for mugwump politicians. We have saved already nine who were led astray by the mugwumps. The U. S. P. A. is what "poor old Missouri" needs.

Science Hill Camp says:

Our Association, 60 strong, has this day come into the U. S. P. A. Our Extension Committee will visit our county seat on Saturday, June 14.

That is the way to work! Push organization through your Extension Committee, comrades!

Why "Camps?"

It seems that there will arise an obscurity of meaning, from the fact that the entire organization is called an "Association," if the individual organizations have not a distinctive name. What name is best to distinguish the latter? Well, the Association is organized for a campaign; it is "on the march;" and when an army is marching, it occupies camps. Hence, the term "Camp" strikes us as appropriate, and we will use it in numbering the organizations. If the National Council sees fit to change to some other, it has full power to do so.

Numbered by States.

The Camps in each state will be numbered consecutively from No. 1 upward. We shall number them in order of dates of organization, and when two or more are organized on one day, they will be numbered in the order they reach us. The form of numbering is given above.

The Prospects Bright for the U. S. P. A.

The demand for pledge blanks is brisk, and so far all the following states are represented by numerous requests: New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and California—and the territory of Oklahoma as well. We expect to have reports of the organization of numerous Associations in these states within the next two weeks; and as each Association will devote itself, as soon as organized, to the two purposes of (1) increasing its membership, and (2) founding other Associations, the prospects for a rapid growth are cheering.

During the past three months we have published hundreds of letters from ex-soldiers, who fiercely murmured at the neglect of their interests by Congress. We were moved by them. We realized, as we never had before, the actual injustice the survivors of the war are suffering. We determined that THE BLADE, always the friend of the Union and its defenders, should take up their cause and strive to have their wrongs righted. There are somewhere between 800,000 and 1,200,000 soldiers of the war yet living, The Grand Army of the Republic has not one-third of them in its membership. It is doing all it can, is bringing all the influence it can upon Congress. But it can not go into a political campaign and fight the service pension battle.

We tried direct appeals, by postal card, to Congress. Our readers nobly responded, and showered the cards by tens of thousands upon the Senate and House. The response was the passage of the dependent bill by the Senate, the substitution of the Morrill bill for it by the House, and the refusal of the Senate to agree to the substitution. The matter is now in conference committee, which will eventually report some compromise measure, which will be passed. But it will not be a service pension bill; it will be a dependent bill. We shall heartily rejoice in its passage for the sake of the thousands of broken-down old soldiers who are now compelled to live on the bread of charity; at the same time, we shall not cease the demand for a service pension bill, to aid the tens of thousands who are still struggling with poverty and ill-health, yet sturdily determined not to declare that they are practically paupers in order to accept the help proffered by the dependent bill.

Justice "to Him That Has Borne the Battle, and to his Widow and Orphans."

It will be years, if ever, before a service pension bill is passed, unless the demand for this act of justice comes in a form which can not be evaded. Hence the organization of the Union Pension Service Association. The "Plan of Organization," given elsewhere, shows fully how it proposes to work. We believe it to be the means whereby service pensions can be reached most quickly. It simply proposes to unite the voters who favor justice to the soldiers—and there are two millions and a half of them, assuredly—into a compact voting and working association for this one supreme end—no other.

Those Who Will Not Help Themselves Should Expect Nothing.

Hundreds and thousands of old soldiers, Republicans, have expressed their disgust over the dilatoriness of Congress in the matter of service pensions, and declared that they will not "vote the Republican ticket any longer." That is a cardinal mistake of theirs. If the Democratic party were pledged to the service pension idea, or if there were the slightest possibility that it would do so, their action might be judicious. As it is at present, the only party through which they can hope to obtain justice is the Republican. The true line of action is not to abandon the party, but to unite and compel the party to keep its pledges to the soldiers. The soldiers, their sons, and the vast army of other Republicans who favor service pensions, can control the party if they *will only* unite. The "Union Service Pension Association" gives that bond of union. Enroll yourselves under its banner; for if a service pension is worth having it is worth working for.

Don't sit back and expect *other* men to do the work; *your* name, *your* vote, *your* influence, *your* effort, are needed!

Don't sit back and say, "it won't do any good." That was not the way men talked when they enlisted in the armies of the Union to put down the Rebellion!

Don't say, "the G. A. R. has been working for a service pension, and has not succeeded; therefore it is useless to try." Think a moment! The Grand Army is non-political; it can not, as an organization, ask candidates for Congress to pledge themselves to vote for a service pension law; it can not ask its members to vote only for candidates who will so pledge themselves. It can not, under its constitution, do these things.

But the U. S. P. A. is organized to do these very things, and for nothing else. It is hardly necessary to say it is not a rival organization, for no one has such an absurd idea. Every Grand Army man can join it without injuring that splendid order; every friend of the soldier can join it; and all *should* join it!

Don't stand back and wait for some one else to lead the way! Talk with your friends and neighbors, explain the U. S. P. A.'s plan, and mutually agree to start an association. Have one person write for blanks and copies of THE BLADE containing the "Plan of Organization," and start to work. The blanks and BLADES will be sent post paid, free of charge.

Some Useful Points.

No matter if candidates for Congress are nominated before the Association can be fully organized in your district; it is several months till the election! The stronger you are, the more readily will the pledge be given! ORGANIZE!

No matter if your party is in a minority in the Congressional district; the more there are in the ranks of the U. S. P. A., the stronger pressure can the National Council bring to bear on Congress! Napoleon said that "God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions." In *numbers* only only can we hope for influence; and the demand of two millions and a half voters will be *yielded* to by Congress.

There should be an Association in every voting precinct, in every state wherein there are any old soldiers, or ten American citizens who favor justice to the ex-veterans. If every one takes hold of this work in earnest, the association will be numerous enough to *compel* the passage of a service penson bill.

To Those Who Wrote to The Blade,

Since we took up the pension question—and there are thousands of you—we wish to say that we consider that *you* are the men to take hold of the work of organization, and that *at once*. Your letters made THE BLADE resolve to take up the effort to obtain justice for you; now take hold, and help us to help you, by organizing Associations!

A Question Answered.

WEST LIBERTY, OHIO, June 3.—I am glad to see the action your paper is taking to secure a service pension. It is plain to be seen that unless a united effort is made by ex-soldiers, they can hope for nothing in the near future that will do justice to the men who did the work at the front, and were so unfortunate as to escape the rigors of war without a hospital record. I think our trouble heretofore has been caused more through a lack of united effort by uniting on one particular bill. Thousands of petitions have been sent to Congress by ex-soldiers and other, praying for perhaps a hundred or more bills, until Congressmen are at a loss to know just what is wanted.

Sec. 2, Art. 1, in your form of constitution, still leaves the field open for all kinds of service pension bills which the human mind may invent. A service pension is the only pension bill that can do justice, and yet if not carefully defined, may yet do great injustice to many.

Do you not think that this organization should settle on a single bill, then push that, and allow nothing else to enter that may create confusion?

I believe that the U. S. P. A. will be fully competent to formulate a bill that will be acceptable to all. I do not think that all the wisdom of this country is concentrated at Washington. I am a three years' man and served that length of time at the front, with a musket accompaniment. Consequently am in favor of a per diem bill. J. W. G.

The pledge and constitution of the U. S. P. A. covers a graded service pension to every honorably-discharged soldier or sailor of the Rebellion; and pensions to his widow and minor children up to the age of 16, irrespective of the cause of his death. The very question our correspondent raises was long and anxiously discussed in preparing both pledge and constitution; with the result as given therein, for this reason: The National Council of the U. S. P. A., when organized, as it speedily will be, from the favorable indications, will be the body to decide upon the *specific form and details* of the bill to be pushed. Hence the line of action of the association was made to include "service pensions to all, and to their widows and children," so as to bring every friend of service pensions into line.

The National Council will canvass the views of every separate Association, and formulate the details of a bill, on the above lines. It will have a Working Committee at Washington, to see to the matter there. That committee will, of course, endeavor to work with the G. A. R. Pension committee, so that their united force may be brought to bear on Congress. Our friend may rest assured that there is no single point but has been carefully discussed in all its bearings, and that there is a good reason for every provision in the constitution.

WHAT THE BOYS SAY

About the U. S. P. A.—A Few Sample Letters Out of a Great Many Already Received.

Up to this writing (Monday, June 9) we have sent out something like 5,000 blank pledges, in response to requests from comrades who have the service pension matter near enough their hearts to be willing to work for it. The greater number are simple requests, but many add words of comment. Below we subjoin a few of the latter:

Will Organize the County.

HAMMOND, WIS., June 3.—Your plan of service pension is just what strikes me, as I am confident that nothing will be done at this session of Congress that will benefit the soldier very materially. Of course we can work for service pension, as we here look upon the Morrill bill as a delusion and a fraud. I greatly desire that you will send me some blanks, so that we may form an association at once; and, as you say, the time is short, and what can be done must be done at once. There are five or six G. A. R. posts in this county. Please send me enough to supply them, if you have not done so.—W. J. E.

Will Attend to His County.

GREENVILLE, TENN., May 30.—You will please send me blanks at once for the organization of the Union Service Pension Association, and I will go to work at once to organize our county. Send any number of BLADES you desire, and I will send them over the county, and when we organize we will pass a resolution to subscribe for THE TOLEDO BLADE. Reply at once.—J. R. B.

It Will Bring Congress to Terms.

MECHANICSBURG, OHIO, June 6.—I received a sample copy of THE BLADE giving the movement you are making to organize the U. S. P. A. If you will send me the necessary blanks, I will start the movement going here. Also, send me a few sample copies of THE BLADE and I will see what I can do towards getting you up up a club. I think you are doing what must surely bring Congress to a sense of their duty.—L. H. C.

Will Take Uncle Sam's Notes.

RANDOLPH, O., June 5.—Send us blanks for pledges. If the government is not able to pay us a service pension, we will take their note without interest. We were paid once in government notes, when they were worth about fifty cents on the dollar, and we are not afraid to trust them again.—W. H. B.

Good For Two Associations.

SAXON, WIS., June 3.—If you will send me the blanks, I will start two associations—one in this, Ashland, county, Wis., and one in Ironwood, Mich.—H. L. E.

Goes Right to Work.

GLEN ELDER, KAN., June 5.—I heartily endorse your plan of a service pension association. I am in favor of a per diem service pension, and, in addition, an invalid pension, according to rate of disability. Please send me some Association blanks and sample copies of THE BLADE. I will distribute copies and start Associations in my vicinity.—J. R. L.

Anxious to Try.

NORTH LANSING, MICH., June 2.—I am very much interested in your paper and the effort you are taking in behalf of the old soldier, and if you will send me some BLADES I will take particular pains to put them where they will do the most good, as I am acquainted with a good many old soldiers. Send blanks, and with the help of others I will no doubt be able to organize a branch.—H. G.

Thinks it the Only Plan.

LOCKWOOD, MICH., June 2.—I have looked over your plan for the U. S. P. A., and am convinced it is about the only plan for the soldiers to get their rights, and as there is quite a large number of old soldiers in these parts, and the most of the citizens think the time has come to give the soldiers all a pension, I feel it will be a success. But I would venture to make an amendment to the order of business, which would be the first in order—that is, to open the meeting by prayer. If our cause is just we can invoke the help of the Lord. If we have Him on our side, we are sure to win; and if we do not ask counsel of Him and get Him to help us, we shall fail. Please send blanks at once.—A. S.

[Any association can begin with prayer if it shall so choose. That, and a large number of details, are left to the individual associations to arrange as they may see fit.—ED. BLADE.]

Can Form a Big One.

CLARION, MICH., June 2.—Please send me some of your blank pledges. I think we can form a big U. S. P. A. in this town. I will try, at any rate. If you please, you may send some copies of the BLADE and I will put them where they will do the most good.—R. H. C.

Struck the Nail on the Head.

HAMDEN JUNCTION, O., June 1.—I think you have struck the nail square on the head, and every veteran must fall in line. If they follow your lead, we will be a power in the next congress. Please send me some blank pledges, and I will do my best to organize a U. S. P. A. in this township of soldiers in this township, and I believe every one of them will go into it. I also send you a list of names for sample copies, and I hope every one will send you his subscription, for I can't see how an old soldier can do without THE BLADE. I think it the best soldier and the best general paper published.—R. M. B.

They Are Unanimous.

BALTIMORE, O., June 1.—Please send to my address a few samply copies of THE BLADE, and blank pledges. We have 56 old soldiers in this place, and they all favor service pension.—S. S. W.

Fully Indorse It.

HASTINGS, IOWA, June 1.—Having investigated your plan to organize the Union Service Pension Association of the United States, I and my comrades fully indorse it as being good. Please send us the necessary blanks and a few copies of THE BLADE, and we will have a strong organization in a short time. Yours in the good cause—G. W. D.

Forms of Reports.

Every one who has written for blank pledges to form U. S. P. Associations has been sent a printed envelope in which to send us a report of organization. We suggest this blank form for this report:

REPORT OF ORGANIZATION

Of.....Camp of the Union Service Pension Association, of.....,
in the county of..... in the.....
Congressional district, state of.....:

Organized on ..... 1890.
Number of members enrolled, ...
Commandant, ...
Postoffice address, ...
Vice Commandant, ...
Adjutant, ...
Postoffice address, ...
Quartermaster, ...

☞ Be sure to give postoffice, county and state, in the postoffice addresses of Commandant and Adjutant.

Sent by
.....
.....

How to Address Letters.

We have detailed one person to attend to all orders for pledge blanks, receive reports of organization of Associations, etc. It will much facilitate matters if comrades will *always* address their letters on U. S. P. A. business as follows—putting "U. S. P. A." in lower left-hand corner:

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO,
U. S. P. A. OHIO.

U. S. P. A.

How to Form an Association.

Any one who desires to form an association will write to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," asking for blanks. We will mail him blank pledges, *free of charge*, after the following form, with room for signatures:

PLEDGE OF THE UNION SERVICE PENSION ASSOCIATION.

We hereby agree to become members of the Union Service Pension Association of ——, of the County of ——, [of the ——th Congressional district*] of the state of ——.

We hereby pledge ourselves to work for the nomination and election to the national House of Representatives of no one who will not pledge himself, unequivocally and publicly, to use his best efforts for the early passage of a service pension bill, which shall grant to every honorably-discharged soldier or sailor, who served for a proper time in the army or navy of the United States, a reasonable pension, and which shall increase that minimum in proportion to the time of service, either at the rate of one cent a day for all service over a stated period, as provided in what is known as the "Grand Army per diem bill," or some similar plan which shall recognize the principle that those who served the longest shall have the largest provision; and which shall grant to the widow of every honorably discharged soldier or sailor, irrespective of the cause of his death, a pension, with suitable provision for any minor children he may leave, under the age of 16 years, and until they reach that age. And he must pledge himself unequivocally not to be bound by any caucus action in the House to support any pension bill which does not contain such provisions.

And we hereby agree that as soon as ten persons have signed this pledge, we will join with them in the formal organization of this association, in the election of officers, and in increasing the membership of the association; and that the organization shall be completed according to the "Plan of Organization" published in THE TOLEDO BLADE. In witness whereof we herewith sign our names:

NAMES. NAMES.

*This clause in brackets is to be stricken out in forming associations in states which elect but one representative.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Of the "Union Service Pension Association."

When you write to us for blank pledges, send us the names of all the persons in your vicinity whom you think will join, and we will send each a sample copy of THE BLADE containing the pledge and this "Plan of Organization;" or, we will send a number of copies to your address for you to use in the work. As soon as the blanks come, start at once to get signatures. Several pledge blanks will be sent; put each in the hands of a good man, and canvass for signers.

Explain that the association does not aim to found a new party; that it concerns itself only with the choice of Congressmen; that the idea is simply to throw the solid vote of every friend of service pensions *in favor of* the nomination and election of a man who will openly and honestly pledge himself, if elected, to work for and vote for a service pension bill, as detailed in the pledge—and *against* any candidate (either for nomination or election) who will not so pledge himself.

Take the pledge among your friends, Grand Army men, ex-soldiers who are not comrades of the G. A. R., Sons of Veterans who are voters, (or will be by the Congressional election), and the friends of service pensions everywhere. We have confined the pledge to service pensions alone, and to suitable provision for widows and minor children, because these embrace the most important objects to work for. Get as many signatures as you can, before calling a meeting. Then notify the signers, and fix upon a suitable time and place of meeting.

Call the meeting to order, and have a chairman and secretary *pro tempore* chosen. The meeting need not be secret. Have everybody come who wishes, whether they sign or not.

The next thing in order is the reading of the pledge and the list of signers; and then comes the adoption of the constitution and the election of permanent officers. As a guide in this matter we submit the form of a constitution, which may be added to or changed, except that no change must be made in the pledge, nor in the titles of the officers, nor in the date for the close of their first official term—July 4, 1891. These exceptions are insisted on so as to preserve absolute uniformity:

Form of Constitution.

ARTICLE I.—NAME AND OBJECTS.

SECTION 1.—The name of this organization shall be, "The Union Service Pension Association of ——, county of ——, [——th Congressional district of the] state of ——."

SEC. 2.—Its object shall be solely to work for the nomination and election of men to Congress who will pledge themselves to work for the preparation, and vote for the passage of, a bill which shall grant a pension to every honorably discharged soldier and sailor of the war of the Rebellion, the widows of such persons, and their minor children up to the age of sixteen years; and to oppose the nomination and election of any man who opposes such a measure.

ARTICLE II.—MEMBERSHIP.

SEC. 1.—Any legal voter, or any one who will have become a legal voter by the date of the next election of members of the national House of Representatives, may become a member of this association by election thereto, by the vote of a majority of the members present at any regular or called meeting of this body, and signing the pledge of this association.

ARTICLE III.—OFFICERS.

SEC. 1.—The regular officers of this association shall be a Commandant, Vice Commandant and Adjutant [and Quartermaster, if a treasurer shall be deemed necessary; if not, his duties shall be discharged by the Adjutant.]

SEC. 2.—The Commandant shall be the presiding officer, and discharge all the duties commonly appertaining to that position. He shall also detail all Working Committees for the furtherance of the objects of the association, and designate the special field of duty of each.

SEC. 3.—The Vice Commandant shall act as Commandant in the absence of that officer, and shall in such cases exercise the same powers.

SEC. 4.—The Adjutant shall keep a record of the proceedings of each meeting, including the names of all Working Committees, read the reports of the same, and discharge all the duties usually pertaining to the office of secretary.

[If a Quartermaster is appointed, a section should be added defining his duties.]

ARTICLE IV.—WORKING COMMITTEES.

SEC. 1. For the furtherance of the objects of this association, Working Committees shall be detailed by the Commandant, who shall instruct them as to the special object to be attained.

SEC. 2. One of these shall be the Recruiting Committee, whose chairman shall be styled the Recruiting Officer; and, if thought desirable, more than one of these committees shall be detailed at one time, consisting of three members or more, in the discretion of the Commandant. Their duty shall be to personally canvass every voter in the section in which their work is assigned, explaining to each the objects and pledge of the Association, and to secure as many new members as possible. The Commandant, when he details a Recruiting Committee, shall distinctly state the portion of territory which they are to canvass, which shall be small enough to allow the committee to see every voter personally. The Recruiting Committee shall report at the next meeting of the Association, and be discharged —one or more new committees being appointed for duty in their stead.

SEC. 3.—When a choice of delegates to a Congressional convention, for the nomination of a candidate for Representative in Congress, is to take place, the Commandant shall detail one or more Working Committees, of as many members each as he shall deem expedient; and at least one committee shall be so appointed for each place of meeting of a primary caucus for the selection of delegates. The Working Committees for this particular purpose shall be called Caucus Committees. It shall be their duty to be present at the caucus or its equivalent, to explain the objects and aims of the Union Service Pension association, and endeavor to obtain, by all honorable means, the selection of delegates who will vote only for a nominee as candidate for representative who will publicly and unequivocally pledge himself to work and vote for a service pension bill, in accordance with the pledge of this Association; and to defeat the election of candidates for those offices who are opposed to service pensions.

ARTICLE V.—ORDER OF BUSINESS.

SEC. 1.—The order of business at each regular meeting of this Association shall be:

1.—Reading of minutes.
2.—Reports of any special committee.
3.—Reports of Working committees, in this order:
(a) Recruiting Committee, through Recruiting Officer.
(b) Extension Committee.
(c) Caucus Committees.
(d) Polls Committees.
(e) Rallying Committees.
(f) Special Working Committees.
4.—Admission of new members.
5.—Postponed business.
6.—New business.
7.—Order of the Day—under which head the progress of the association, communications from the District or State or National Councils, the state of the service pension question among the people, the prospects of the campaign, if one be pending, new pension legislation, or the action of Congress on any general pension matter, the utterances of party platforms on the subject of pensions, and everything pertaining to the objects of the association may come up for discussion, or be read for information.
8.—Detail of new Working Committees, to serve until the next regular meeting.
9.—Miscellaneous (under which officials report.)
10.—Adjournment to a fixed date.

[Meetings should be held weekly until the entire territory under the jurisdiction of the association shall be thoroughly canvassed by the Recruiting Committees, and the membership be brought to a maximum. The association can then fix on a regular meeting night.]

ARTICLE VI.—EXTENSION.

SEC. 1.—As soon as any Association is thoroughly organized, it shall discuss, at each meeting, under the head of Order of the Day, the matter of organizing new Associations. The most favorable localities shall be considered, and a selection made, by motion that an extension of the Association be made in that place. The motion being carried, the Commandant shall detail a Working Committee, to be called the Extension Committee, to consist of at least three members, of whom the Commandant shall be chairman *ex officio*; and if he is unable at the designated time to attend, the Vice Commandant shall take his place. This Extension Committee shall, at a suitable date, before the next regular meeting, as directed by the Commandant, go to that locality, and obtain enough signatures to the Pledge of this Association, not less than ten, and proceed at once to organize a new Association. This work shall be kept up until a sufficient number of Associations are organized to fully cover the ground; but the orders of the County Council of Administration, as soon as it is organized, are to be followed in the work of extension.

ARTICLE VII.—COUNTY COUNCIL OF ADMINISTRATION.

SEC. 1.—There shall be in every county a Council of Administration, composed solely of the Commandants of the different Associations therein, which shall have supervision of the work of extending the organization, and of extension into surrounding counties.

SEC. 2.—As soon as three Associations are fully organized in any county, their Commandants shall meet and organize by the election of a chairman, who shall preside at their sessions, and have power to call special meetings, if need arises. This Council of Administration shall meet in the county seat, if possible, but meetings may be held elsewhere, if desired. As fast as new Associations are organized, their Commandants will take their places as members of the Council.

SEC. 3.—The County Council of Administration is to determine how many separate Associations are necessary to be organized in the county to best further the objects of the Association, and where each is to be located; to determine what Associations shall send Extension Committees to these localities, and generally to harmonize and direct the work of extension, which shall proceed as rapidly as possible, until arrangements are made to have every polling-place in the county under the special charge of some Association.

SEC. 4.—Whenever a county political convention is held, it shall be the duty of the Council of Administration to bring the purposes of the Association before its members, and to endeavor to obtain an endorsement of service pensions in the platform thereof, and in case of a county convention for the purpose of selecting delegates to a Congressional Convention, the Council of Administration shall take upon itself the duties of a Caucus Committee, working to obtain an endorsement of service pensions and the selection of only such delegates as are favorable to the nomination of a candidate who will endorse the pledge of this Association.

ARTICLE VIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

SEC. 1.—This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided that the amendment or amendments shall have been submitted in writing at the previous meeting, held at least one week before the one on which the vote is to be taken thereon, and entered on the minutes.

The matter of finances has not been touched upon, as the idea is to have the officers and Working Committees serve without pay. All necessary expenses for hall, lights, stationery, postage, etc., can be provided for by a small assessment on each member, of a few cents each.

District Councils.

Have the Adjutant report at once the fact of your organization, with the names and postoffice address of all the officers, to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio." It will be published in the next issue. As soon as *five* Associations are formed in your Congressional district, we will notify each Association that it is in order to choose a member of the District Council for your Congressional District. The date by which these must be chosen will be stated, and we will name the time and place of the meeting of that body. The members-elect will meet at the time and place specified; a chairman and secretary pro tempore will be chosen, and a permanent organization effected. We will give a form of constitution for District Councils in a future number of THE BLADE.

State Councils.

As before stated, in the states electing but one Congressman each, the State Council will be the same as the District Council, and should be chosen as directed above. In other states, the District Councils will report to THE BLADE as soon as organized, through their secretaries, with list of officers and postoffice addresses, which will be published in the next issue. As soon as half the District Councils are organized (in states which have more than one Congressional district), we shall call on the District Councils to choose members of the State Council, fixing a date before which they must be chosen, and also the date for the organization of the State Council, which will meet at the state capital.

As there are five states which have but two Congressional districts each, and others many, the number of members to be chosen by each District Council will vary. The State Council should be small in numbers, to save expense; hence the basis of representation has been fixed as follows:

For states having 20 or more Congressional districts, one member of the State Council for every District Council;

For states having more than 5 districts and less than 20, each District Council to choose two members of the State Council;

For states having more than two and less than five districts, each District Council to choose one member of the state Council for every five Associations in that district, and one additional member for a fraction of three or more Associations. This provision is but temporary, and will be considered by the National Council, when organized.

National Council.

When *five* states have fully organized by the organization of State Councils, we shall call on the District Councils of the entire Union to each send one delegate to the National Council, at Toledo, Ohio, and will fix the date of the meeting of that body. It will have supreme control of the Association of the United States, will adopt a permanent constitution for it, and take full charge.

See back and front of this publication for Voices from all parts.

PORTRAIT OF KLINE. From a Photograph.

A VOICE from Virginia. Have never known anything to sell like your album. Yesterday took order enough to pay me over $25. William Kline, Harrisburg, Pa.

On account of a forged manufacturer's sale 195,000 fine dollar Photograph Albums are to be sold to the people for 75 each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush. Charmingly decorated inside. Handsomest album in the world. Largest size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take hundreds and thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms free, together with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. Better write to-day and see for yourself. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Address, ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

OFFICE AND FACTORY

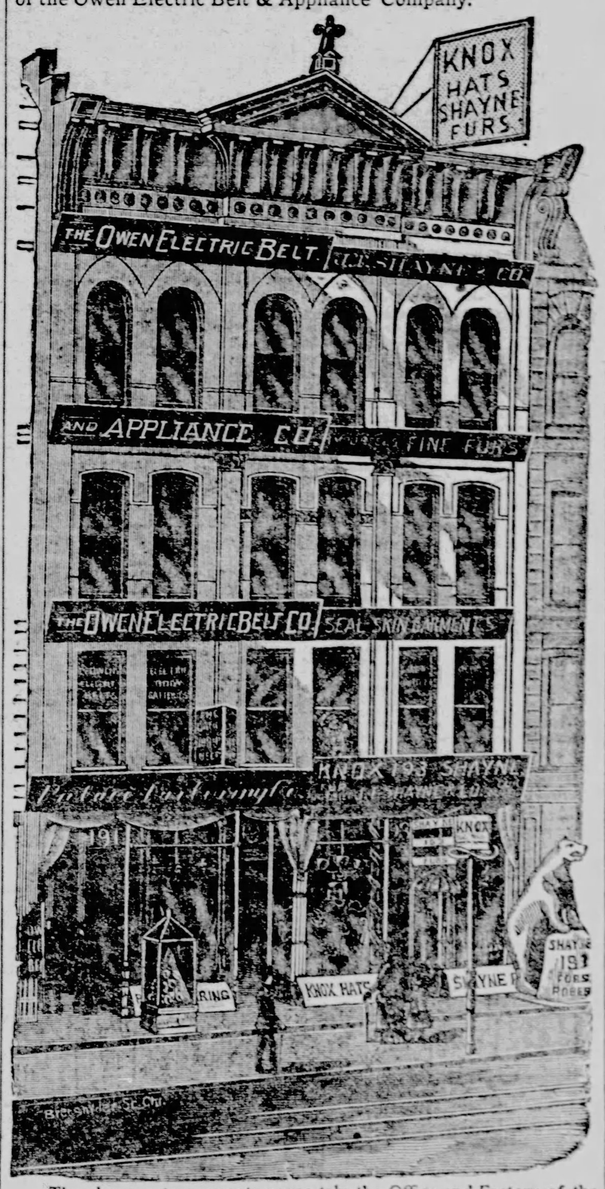
OF THE

OWEN ELECTRIC BELT & APPLIANCE CO.,

191 and 193 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE LARGEST ELECTRIC BELT MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

See Next Week's TOLEDO BLADE for Portraits of Officers, Managers and Correspondents, and Sworn Statement of the Retail Sales of the Chicago Office for the past four months, of the Owen Electric Belt & Appliance Company.



The above cut represents accurately the Office and Factory of the Owen Electric Belt & Appliance Company, organized and incorporated under the State Laws of Illinois, June 16, 1887. Office, Salesrooms and Factory, 191 and 193 State street, Chicago (Palmer House Block). It has a frontage on State street of 40 feet, with a depth of 140 feet. Dr. A. OWEN, President and General Manager.

The first patent on Dr. Owen's Electrical Appliances was issued August 16, 1887, since which time we have taken out six patents on machinery and appliances.

The Owen Electric Belt & Appliance Company is the largest and most extensive manufacturers of electrical medical appliances in the world. The company occupies more space and pays a larger return in Chicago than all other electric belt concerns in the city together.

It is our design in this illustration to show our business as it actually is; not doing as some people engaged in the business are doing—represent large factories occupying the whole building, six or eight stories high, when in reality they only occupy one small room in the building, having no factory whatever in the building. We invite the public to our factory and office, where we will take pleasure in showing them that we are doing just what we represent on paper. Call, learn the truth of our statements, and investigate our financial standing.

People who will misrepresent the volume of their business are apt to misrepresent the merit of their goods as well; while they follow after the successful inventor, copying his inventions as near as the law will allow.

The Owen Electric Belt and Appliances compare with others as the old-fashioned stage coach with the fast mail train of to-day; as the messenger boy to the telephone; as the tallow dip of years ago to the electric light of to-day. We are, as a nation, rapidly advancing in science and letters. With great strides the trend of the people is onward and upward. It is our desire to ever be among the leaders, not followers of scientific inventions; we desire also to protect unsuspecting people from the misrepresentations of unscrupulous parties who deal in so-called electric belts, by showing them a true comparison between the good and the bad. Our appliances were awarded the medal at the great Cincinnati Exposition of 1888, securing this medal of highest excellence against the competition of the world and under critical tests by scientists.

Our belts will distribute a mild or strong current of electricity, as is best for the patient; the electric current being under complete control by adjustment, which is one of the greatest objects of importance in treatment by electricity, stimulating and assisting nature to restore weak organs to their former health and vigor.

The following diseases are among those cured by our electric appliances: Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Sciatica, Torpid Liver, Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Headache, Lumbago, Female Weakness, Spinal Diseases, Kidney Complaints, General Debility, Pains in the Back, Constipation, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Blood Poison, Etc.

Our belts and appliances are completely controlled by the patient and can be adjusted to the condition of man, woman or child. While curing one disease they do not create another.

Send 6 cents for Sealed Illustrated Catalogue, with full list of diseases and valuable information and sworn testimonials. Catalogues in English, German, Swedish and Norwegian. Address,

The Owen Electric Belt & Appliance Co.,

191 and 193 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Canada patrons are requested to address their correspondence to 71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

THROW THE CANDY AWAY.

One Way of Stopping the Peddler Nuisance in the Cars.

I see that one of the great trunk lines no longer permits boys to peddle literature and candy on its cars. This action has been taken because of the belief that the comfort of passengers was disturbed by the continuance of this traffic. I should have made the same mistake. But the stoppage of the traffic seems to have been a step too far. The presence of these boys on the trains, with wares selected to meet the known wants of the public, was a convenience. It was their yelling and their diabolical trick of tossing what they had into the laps of helpless passengers that caused the public to regard them as a nuisance.

Years ago I sat in a Lake Shore & Michigan Southern train behind a man who, upon receiving the shock of a book violently projected into his lap, seized the newsboy by the arm and said: "The next thing you throw into my lap, I will throw out of the window." Fifteen minutes later the boy threw a box of figs upon his lap, and he tossed it out of the window. The boy attempted to make a disturbance, but the gentleman handed him his card and said: "Present that to your company and let them take what action they please." Then turning to me he remarked:

"I am doing that persistently; I would like to be sued for it, but in a dozen instances the employers of these boys have failed to take action against me. I regard American citizenship as a hollow mockery, if I am obliged to have my lap made a common dumping ground." That was the gist of the trouble. It was not that the boys did not serve a good purpose, it was rather that they were not disciplined, but were allowed their own impudent and juvenile discretion as to the means to employ to sell their wares.—[Chatter.

A Slap at the Men.

"Why is it that women are always accused of having fads? I grant you that they have. But did you ever hear of a man with a fad? You ought to get a situation as a clerk in a dry goods house and find out something about your sex. Look here—look at this.

The saleswoman who was so intent upon showing up the masculine sex put on exhibition a lot of black silk things which she singled out until the inventory was made up of black silk underwear, black silk night shirts, black silk half hose, black silk garters, black silk suspenders. The writer looked at the lot and said, "Well?"

"Well," continued the saleswoman, "these are for men. Men come here and buy those things. What for? To wear, I presume. There are men who are as finicky about things of this kind as women. They are fads. And men must have 'em. It is all right, but why do men who indulge in such fancies talk about women with fads?"—[Chicago Tribune.

The Summer of '90.

Brown: "We're going to have a hot summer."

Merritt: "Of course. We'll then be in the nineties."—The Epoch.

OF INTEREST TO THE LADIES.

Some Valuable Facts That Every Lady in America Should Know.

MRS. DR. MARY A. BRANNON, Atlanta, Ga., prepares remedies for the successful treatment of all Female Disorders, Displacement and Falling of the Womb, Chronic Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Leucorrhea, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Change of Life, Pregnancy and Easy Child-birth. Mrs. Dr. Brannon's special treatment, both local and constitutional, suited to each case, is proving to be the most successful, and is making cures after many of the best male physicians have failed to give any relief whatever. Remedies sent by mail or express securely sealed, with full directions. Absolutely unfailing Home treatment. Ladies testify from all the States and Territories. Descriptive book, explanation and proofs mailed securely sealed on application. Prices reasonable. Address Mrs. Dr. Mary A. Brannon, 6 Pulliam Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Popular With Young Republicans.

THE TOLEDO BLADE has taken an editorial census on the question, "Who shall head the ticket this fall?" Almost unanimously the answers came Daniel J. Ryan. Mr. Ryan has made an able, honest and efficient officer. He is very popular with young and enthusiastic Republicans, and has an equal hold on the sober and staid wheelhorses of the party.

Easily Explained.

Fred—Yes, the old gentleman will soon have another wife to support.

Henry—What? You don't mean to tell me he is going to marry another wife while your mother is alive?

"No, I am going to get married."—[Detroit Free Press.

Publishers' Column.

ROSA BONHEUR'S "HORSE FAIR."

The price of the Weekly BLADE has always been 30 cents to three-months' subscribers, as all know. We have sold an enormous number of ROSA BONHEUR'S "Horse Fair"—a magnificent colored engraving of the celebrated original painting—which has always been retailed by everybody else at 50 cents, but of which we have sent out thousands at 25 cents each. We have now a supply of 10,000 copies, which we propose to present to new subscribers of the Weekly BLADE, who send us 30 cents each for a three-months' subscription. Remit the 30 cents, either in silver by registered mail, or by postal note, or current funds, but not in postage stamps; we will enter your name for the Weekly BLADE for three months and send a copy by mail, postpaid, of this celebrated picture. Be sure to mention in your letter that you want the "Horse Fair," as otherwise it will not be sent. We ask our subscribers to mention this offer to their friends, in order that they may avail themselves of it. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—Charles Wesley, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

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MISS EMILY S. BOUTON,.....EDITOR

A VISIT WITH MISS BARTON,

A Woman Who Is Honored the World Over—She Relates in Vivid Language Some of Her Experiences.

IT is often the case that the men and women who are most talked of and written about, those who are regarded as having done the most admirable things in literature, art, or for the good of humanity, are not the most agreeable to meet in social life when they are, as it were, off duty. Human nature, unless it be very strong, cannot stand the constant burning of incense at its shrine. In the face of continued commendation for work done, with the possibilities of the future before them, the majority of people succumb to a self-glorification which, in time, becomes obtrusive and exacting, hence irritating, or else a matter for ridicule. The gods and goddesses that we have set up on a pedestal come down with a crash, and we grow conscious that they are of clay, and very poor clay at that.

AN EXCEPTION.

There was not this sort of shattering of idols when, upon her own cordial invitation, I went recently with a friend to call upon Miss Clara Barton, the president of the Red Cross Society, whose name is known the world over though her work for suffering humanity. She lives in a quiet and unobtrusive way in a pretty home in Washington. No one would dream upon entering, that here dwells a woman who has been in the thick of hardly fought battles, with shot and shell flying about her, in the midst of the pestilence, and where flood, fire and earthquake have held sway, one who is honored, not only by her own nation, but by the sovereigns of Europe, whose personal friendship for her has been evidenced in various ways.

The room into which we were ushered was furnished with an eye to comfort rather than show. Scattered here and there were various red cross emblems, while in one corner rose a magnificent cross of vivid red, set in a snowy background that threw it out in bold relief, attracting the eye instantly. Over the mantel, in a modest frame, was a parchment certificate signed by the Emperor and Empress of Austria, relating the good work Miss Barton had done for their people. There were other things of interest, but ere I had time to note them, a light, quick step sounded upon the stair and in a moment more our hostess entered.

THE LADY HERSELF.

I saw before me a lady of medium height, firmly built, with a strong, rather than handsome face, framed in by dark hair, dressed low in the neck, with pleasant eyes that lighted up while she talked, and an earnest, cordial manner that carries sincerity through every expression. Her voice is low but well modulated. There is not a trace of over self-satisfaction in word or gesture, nothing that jars in the least upon the reverent regard in which I, with many others, have held and still hold her. She is not in the least beautiful—no—in the ordinary sense of the word, but her whole being seems vitalized by the earnest purpose which has animated her life.

I wish you who read could have heard her—all unthinking, as in truth was I then, that she was speaking for any one save those there present—tell of some of her experiences in the war. One can read in the various sketches of her life that have been from time to time given to the public, accounts of the way in which she began her work, of how she had gone to Washington a short time previous to the war, of her employment in one of the Departments and of the opposition she met with on account of her sex—though of these things Miss Barton did not then speak—of how she went to the wharf to meet and care for the poor fellows who were wounded in their passage through Baltimore, of how gradually she grew into this labor of love—for it was truly that—until it was defined and understood, and the stores poured in from all over the country to her for distribution. One can read all this, but it is not like hearing her recount incident after incident in her low, pleasant voice, without a word of self-encomium, and I listened with beating heart and filling eyes, until those perilous times seemed as yesterday.

ONE OF HER STORIES.

One story left a most vivid impression. As well as I can I will give you Miss Barton's own words, though face and voice and gesture are unfortunately wanting:

"We were traveling over a dusty road in Virginia, through a region supposed to be free from rebel soldiers. The route ran along a valley, but the mountains stretched away upon either side of us affording splendid vantage ground for the enemy if it could be taken. We felt safe, so much so that the infantry had gone on some distance ahead, leaving the regular supply wagons and my own train to follow. Suddenly one of my men came up to me.

'Miss Barlton,' he exclaimed, 'look yonder.'

"I looked. Upon a hill top, a little distance away, but commanding the road, I saw a detachment of soldiers in gray, which color told the story. They were formed in a square, but in a moment more that was opened by the men swinging back, disclosing heavy guns pointed in our direction. And then the shot came hurtling through the air, tearing up the ground around us. We knew what the attack meant—that they hoped to disable the train so that the supplies might fall into their hands. It was a long train, but they did not understand that the last eight or ten wagons contained only hospital and not field supplies.

"Our wagons were very strong, our mules young and powerful, and away we went. That was a race. In the midst of it the axle-tree of the foremost wagon broke. I felt that we could not leave it, and at my request the man to whom such work was delegated began its mending. While pausing for it to be completed General ——, galloped back having heard the firing.

'In Heaven's name what are you doing?' he asked.

'Having my wagon mended, general. I knew those fellows could not reach us before we could get away, and I did not want to leave that wagon. Of course we may get shot, but we took the chances.'

'Good God' he responded, 'how do you get your men to work under a fire like this?' I can't do it. Mine would run.'

'Mine don't,' I replied. And in truth they never did. The brave fellows would work, just as that one did, without flinching under the hottest fire. It is different you know from taking part in a fight when you can have a chance to shoot back. I think there was a chivalric feeling that if I, a woman, was not afraid, they would not be.

"In a few moments we were off again, and the whole train finally escaped with the loss of a few men killed and wounded."

HOW SHE GOT THERE.

Thrillingly interesting was her account of the way in which she first obtained permission to go beyond the lines upon the battlefield. Upon every side she met discouragement. "No civilian will be allowed there upon any errand," was the word she received from all to whom she applied. At last she was sent to bluff General Rucker, the assistant quartermaster general, and when he had listened to her earnest request, made with the tears rolling down her cheeks, and learned of the stores of supplies she had waiting for transportation to the suffering boys upon the battlefield, he could not and did not say her nay, but then and thereafter made such arrangements that she was always free to go to the relief of soldiers wherever she would.

Carried forward by our interest and enthusiasm, Miss Barton talked on until the minutes formed themselves into hours, until, indeed, we suddenly became conscious how far we were trespassing upon her hospitality. Yet she would not let us leave her until the inner man had been refreshed, and until, also, I had been shown, at the request of my friend, the beautiful souvenirs which have been presented to her in grateful recognition of her work. Among them I noted particularly the Iron Cross of Merit, conferred by the emperor and empress of Germany, something that is never given save to those who have done deeds of heroism upon the field of battle. There was also a Red Cross brooch, and the Gold Cross of Remembrance, both presented to her by the grand duke and duchess of Baden, and many other mementoes, but none that she seemed to regard more highly than a beautiful pin and pendant given to her by the ladies of Johnstown when she was leaving, after her months of wearing and heroic labors in that terribly stricken city.

I am glad that it was given to me to see this noble woman in her own home, to take her hand in friendly grasp, and to look into her brave, true face and thank her for the good she has done to humanity. We women of America cannot be too grateful for the example of self-abnegation she has set before us, for never through all these years has she accepted reward for her services other than the honor that the world gladly accords to her. And to-day she stands at the head of the glorious Red Cross society of this country, ready, at the instant's notice, to go wherever fire or flood, pestilence, earthquake, or storm have brought distress into a large community. She fears absolutely nothing except a failure to do all that may be done in such terrible emergencies. May her heart and hands continue to be strengthened by the loving regard of the women and the tender reverence of the men of this people, for whom, as it needs, she stands ready to give all that she has been, all that she is, and all that she may hope to be, so long as life endures.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

As the season for picnics and excursions approaches the young people are full of pleasing expectations, but the careful mothers have in mind the accidents that will happen on such occasions, both to the children themselves and to their clothing. Such will find an "Emergency bag" an excellent companion when they go on a "pleasure exertion," as Samantha Allen calls it, and as most people out of their teens find such affairs to be.

This bag can be made of any material or in any way that one chooses. I will describe one that I saw recently. It was an old-fashioned hand-bag, of morocco leather, 5 inches wide and 7 inches deep, with a "full piece" at each end, and was fastened with a common clasp. On the inside, a piece of elastic braid was sewed to each side of the bag, and this braid was stitched in four places (besides at the ends), making six divisions, each large enough to hold a flat, glass, ounce bottle. These were filled respectively with camphor; Pond's Extract; Beef, Iron and Wine; Peppermint; Paregoric and Jamaica Ginger.

In the bag, besides these, was a teaspoon, a tightly rolled bandage of old cotton 3 or 4 yards long, a small roll of linen, a small box with sugar, another containing baking soda, a tiny pair of scissors, a needle book with pins and needles, some button-hole twist spools with black and white threads wound on them, a paper of safety pins, a few buttons and a package of court-plaster.

Provided with these, the chaperon of a party could quietly "await upon destiny," knowing that she was prepared for at least nine out of every ten possible accidents; and the bag could be easily carried upon the wrist, or folded away in the wraps in the shawl strap. The beef, iron and wine is a very excellent thing for invalids who are easily fatigued; the one giving them immediate relief from their "all gone" feeling, while the beef and iron prevent the reaction that usually follows the use of the wine. For a burn, nothing is better than baking soda sprinkled thickly over it, unless the skin is broken, and then covered with a wet cloth. The other remedies are too well known to need explanation, and could, of course, be varied to suit each person's ideas. Do you doubt that so many things could be carried in so small a bag? Try it, and you will see that they can, if you can pack them well; if not, make a larger bag.

SHELF DRAPERY.—If you have a rough, uncouth shelf in your kitchen or sitting-room, first cover the top neatly with some dark, smooth cloth. Then take a strip of dark but bright double-faced Canton flannel about eight inches in depth (more or less, according to width and length of shelf), and long enough to reach across the front of the shelf and around at either end; paste a pretty contrasting stripe of cretonne through the center, and stitch it on with the machine. Hem the lower edge of the flannel, and finish with as pretty a worsted fringe as you can afford; bring the upper edge up over the edge of the board, and make fast with minute iron tacks, and you will have not only a convenient receptacle for lamps, books or vases of flowers, but an addition to the furnishing of your room in the shape of a very artistic and eye-pleasing shelf.

CHEAP CUSHIONS AND RUGS. — Old ladies who like easy fancy-work can make pretty rugs or cushions for chair seats by knitting strips of calico of solid colors into blocks or stripes and joining them together. It is not always easy to obtain silk or woolen rags of sufficient quantity in bright colors, and the cotton is a very good substitute, though, of course, it does not hold the color as well. It is cheap, too, as the calico can be bought for eight cents per yard. Cut the stripes about three-fourths of an inch wide, straight or bias as you choose. Bias strips knit prettier, but the straight ones are firmer. Use needles not larger than a lead-pencil. Knit with a plain stitch into blocks or stripes, large or small as suits your fancy, using as many colors and shades of colors as you can. If it is for a rug, line it with bagging or old carpeting.

A PRETTY ROOM.—A young friend of mine, who was no mean artist in a small way, had one of the most charming rooms I ever entered. She furnished it, as far as possible, with her own hands. The bedstead, dressing-case and chairs had been purchased in a very plain state, and she made them beautiful with her own hand-painting on the panels. The chairs were simple in style, and only cane seated at that, but every one of them had been converted by her deft fingers into an upholstered chair, with embroidered design to harmonize with the painted panels of the furniture. Pictures, panels and plaques of the fair owner's own make, just enough of them and no more, found their proper places in the room. Rugs, fashioned by herself in imitation of Turkish by a familiar process known as "drawing in," adorned the room and saved the carpet at one and the same time. A bunch of lilies of the valley in wax, and so dainty and natural in appearance as to invite you to smell them, stood in a tiny vase on a bracket of this girl's own carving. Mosses and ferns, with the aid of her brush to execute backgrounds, grew into charming pictures, more natural than landscape paintings. And dozens of other means of adornment did this girl devise to make her room beautiful, careful always that the adornment should be her own work, executed with as little expense to her father as possible. And it was a fairy-land of beauty.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

ENGLISH LACE.—Cast on 16 stitches and knit across plain. 1st row—k 2—o—k 5—o—sl 1—k 1—pass slipped stitch over—k—1—n—o—k 4. 2d—slip first stitch; rest plain. 3d—k 2—o—k 1—n—o 2—sl 1—n—pass slipped stitch over—k 1—o—sl 1—n—pass slipped stitch over—o—k 5. 4th—like 2d, but make 1 plain, 1 purl, 1 plain from over twice in last row. 5th—k 1—o—sl 1—k 1—pass slipped stitch over—k 3—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 3. 6th—like 2d. 7th—k 1—n—o—sl 1—k 1—pass slipped stitch—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 2. 8th—like 2d. 9th—k 1—n—o—sl 1—n—pass slipped stitch—k 1—o—o—k 1—n—o 2—sl 1—n—pass slipped stitch over—o—n—k 1. 10th—like 4th. 11th—k 2—o—k 3—o—sl 1—k 1—pass slipped stitch over—k 3—n—o—k 3. 12th—like 2d. Repeat from 1st row.

INSERTION TO MATCH ENGLISH LACE.—Cast over 24 stitches, knit across plain—1st row: k 2—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2—o—k 5—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 4—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 2d: k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 17—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 3d: k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2—o—k 1—n—o 2—slip 1—n—p s st—o—k 1—o—s l 1—k 1—pass slipped stitch over—k 3—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 3. 6th—like 2d. 7th—k 1—n—o—sl 1—k 1—pass slipped stitch—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 2. 8th—k 2—o—p 2 tog—k 16—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 9th—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—n—o—s l—n—p s o—o—k 1—n—o 2—s 1—n—p s o—k 1—o—n—k 1—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 10th—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 5—make 3 stitches of 2 loops (as in 4th row)—k 7—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 11th—k 2—o 2—s 2 tog—k 2—o—k 3—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 3—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 12th—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 16—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. Begin again at 1st row.—A. A. F.

Correspondence Clippings.

How often we withhold words of cheer that might and should be spoken to those about us, which would brighten their lives and cost us so little. And while lifting others up we are also being lifted. We should consider this our Christian duty, and grasp every opportunity of doing good.—ZELLA.

The worst of all faults, to my mind, is ingratitude toward parents. An ungrateful, fault-finding daughter is sure to make the worst of wives; and the same rule will apply to the opposite sex. could not respect, much less love, a man who could wound his mother's heart by unkind speeches. Yet how often we hear parents spoken of with the deepest disrespect, or given vulgar nick-names that are openly applauded. Mothers found fault with and scolded as if they were servants!

Girls never realize the value of a mother's love until they leave them, and we mothers who never considered ourselves very undutiful daughters can glance back over the past and see how many times we might have done little acts of kindness that we left undone, or said little sharp speeches that would have been best left unspoken.

Girls try your best, and you can never behalf good enough to your mothers.—IDA HAWTHORNE.

I wonder if "F. C. C." enjoyed himself the first time he took a chew or smoke? Would he have liked to have had his parents or sweetheart see him then? I rather think not. He says: "If we do not defend ourselves, nobody else will." If the tobacco habit is wrong, it should not be defended; if right, it needs no defense. I should advise all tobacco users to study physiology and hygiene; then, if they persist in its use and are harmed by it, they must blame themselves.—C. H. MASON.

OLD MAIDS AGAIN.—Miss Addie Vance is receiving many compliments and congratulations for the stand she has taken, and besides a few of the letters we have received on this subject, we give the opinions of two well-known people, which should certainly encourage Miss Vance and all of the sisterhood: "Henry Ward Beecher said of old maids that they were truly the salt of the earth, and would take the highest seats in heaven. It is the fault of education that an 'old maid' is held up to ridicule and referred to with opprobrium; be surely a woman who remains single because her duty to others demands it is deserving of the highest praise—and scores of cases come to my mind while thinking of these grand souls, where women have remained unmarried to care for aged parents or bring up orphaned families; and equally' is she to be commended, who, from a sense of duty to herself, does not marry because in the opportunities offered she feels that she cannot realize her ideal of true marriage, and prefers rather to be called an "old maid" than to undergo the misery and loss of self-respect sure to result from an uncongenial union."

That charming writer of verse and prose, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, has been saying some very suggestive things about that event of all events, the "union of hearts and union of hands."

"Marriage, it seems to me, should be waited for, not sought. Who knows round what corner his destiny may be hiding—at what unexpected turn he may come upon the face above all faces for him? To put aside, as far as possible, the thought of marriage until compelled to think of it by some strong and special attraction toward some special person, is wiser than to be seeking in every chance acquaintance the possible husband or wife. 'We shall meet the people who are coming to meet us,' no matter in what far off land their journey toward us begins. To marry for money, or for any object whatever save and except immortal and all-powerful love, is to perjure and debase the human heart; but to marry without some provision for the future, such as money, or money's worth in a well-furnished mind and a capacity for skilled labor, is to defy common sense and invoke the evil fates."

IS IT A DISGRACE?—I do not think any one whose opinion is worth noticing, looks with contempt upon an old maid, but that all truly intelligent and fair minded people, (although such people may be in the minority,) honor a woman because her heart and judgment have been allowed to control her choice. In the answer to "Addies" questions I will say, in the first place the popular opinion is that women are inferior to man, and if she is not represented by a man, (no matter what he is) she is a mere nobody. It being considered quite the thing for a woman to marry, she is looked upon as transgressing the rules of society not to do so. This is one reason why it is looked upon with reproach by some thoughtless people; another reason is that some are apt to measure people by themselves; and as these women are so constituted that they cannot be happy unless they can honor something in the shape of a man, they judge that poor old maids without a husband must be miserable, and could never have had an opportunity to secure so grand a prize. Old maids, and girls inclined to be old maids, will not marry a man who looks upon them as an inferior. They have too much self-respect—they understand their worth too well. Now I don't imagine that old maids are man-haters, not at all; they can probably like and respect a man they would not wish to marry; they are not devoid of affection; they don't by any means feel whole, but when they take their other half they want to be sure it is their other half and not a spurious article. Another reason for the contempt some women assume towards old maids, they are themselves unhappily married, and envy old maids their freedom. I am talking of old maids as I believe the majority of them are, and would like to hear a reasonable argument from some one who regards old maids with contempt, as to their reason for such feeling.—MATTIE CORY, Ind.

I despise the tobacco habit, but think, like Moss Agate, it does no good to be always finding fault about it. My husband uses it, but I cannot do anything to indnce him to quit. It is a very bad habit, and I would advise all young men never to commence it.—NELLIE.

Inquiries.

Is there not a mistake in the cross stitch pattern furnished by Mrs. M. Cary? It is the vine pattern, but I am unable to make anything out of it. Will she correct it?—M. E.

Can any one give a reliable cure for sick or nervous headache?—Mrs. B.

Can any one tell us how to get rid of the small red ants?—ANNIE REYNOLDS.

Will some one give good recipe for puff-paste and pie crust?—I. W.

Will some one tell me what composition powder is used for?—IGNORANCE.

Will some one give recipe for coloring soiled kid gloves black?—SUBSCRIBER.

Can some one tell what will remove a scar caused by erysipelas?—LOVER OF THE BLADE.

Will some one give a recipe for coloring a black that will not crock? Also, for coloring white hats, black?—BERNICE.

Will some one send some patterns in cross-stitch? Also, some good temperance selections, such as would be nice for use in a Good Templar's lodge?—PINKY.

Will some one please tell me if a granddaughter ought to wear mourning on the day of funeral and afterward for a grandparent?—MINNIE.

Mourning is worn for grandparents for six months. It certainly should be worn at the funeral.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. U. S. S.—When a lady, traveling alone, reaches the hotel where she wishes to stop, she will undoubtedly find some person at the entrance whose business it is to show her to her parlor, where she can summon the clerk, who will assign her a room, inform her as to the hours when meals are served, and upon all things necessary to her comfort while she remains; and he will see that every attention is paid to her, and that she is informed relating to "train time," etc., when she wishes to leave. On reaching her room she will find there an electric bell with printed directions for its use; also printed rules of the house. Of course it is understood that we are speaking of first-class hotels now. If a lady desires, she may use the public parlor at any time, and is expected to receive her company there, unless it is lady friends with whom she desires more confidential conversation than can be indulged in, in the parlor. If she feels any hesitancy or doubt about finding the dining room at first, she can call the bell-boy, who will show her. Don't be afraid to ask for information or assistance, from any of the employes, from the clerk to the bell-boy; it is their business to give it, and if you ask them properly, and do not annoy them with too many useless questions, you will find them perfectly willing and ready to help you; for in spite of all that has been written about hotel clerks, they are a long-suffering, patient class, and it is seldom that there is one who is not perfectly courteous to a lady. When you are ready to leave the house, send to the office for your bill, pay it, and if you are disposed to give a trifle to the servants who have waited upon you, you can do so, and then depart in peace, and the good wishes of all will follow you—as far as the door, at least.

"Texas Girlie."—To become a newspaper correspondent:

First—You need general information by which you can illustrate or compare.

Second—A tolerable flow of words, from which to choose the most expressive, without repeating the same too frequently.

Third—Know your subject well. Allow your mind to pass without detail through it.

Fourth—Arrange in your mind the first link or paragraph, and so much of the next that you can join the two without an unseemly break or twist.

Fifth—Commence now, attending to the detail, the choice of words as you go, keeping your mind and your pen together, that is, not allowing your mind to outrun your pen, or you will omit words.

Sixth—Choose such subjects as you can handle best, and such as will be of general interest.

Seventh—Express your thoughts clearly, and learn to join one to another smoothly.

Eighth—Avoid the unnecessary use of unusual or foreign words, and study to use such qualifying words or adjuncts as will forcibly express your thoughts and beautify your style.

Ninth—Write for your local papers.—JAMES LOGSDON.

E. E. Robinson.—It has been found necessary to omit—for a while at least—the publication of private addresses in the HOUSEHOLD. We regret that we are obliged to disappoint so many of our correspondents, but it seems unavoidable.—ED.

We have an article from E. M., Oregon, and some very good ideas on "charitable works," signed "Gladys." Will the writers send their names?—ED.

Several ladies have expressed a great desire to know how "Ruth" manages to avoid having a spittoon to clean, when her husband smokes and chews. Will "Ruth" relieve their anxiety?—ED.

Recipes.

MARBLE CAKE.—Light part—1½ cupfuls of sugar; ⅔ cupful of butter; ⅔ cupful of sweet milk; whites of 4 eggs; 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Dark part—1½ cupfuls of brown sugar; ⅔ cupful of butter; ⅔ cupful of sweet milk; yolks of 4 eggs; 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat these parts separately, and put in tins: first 1 spoonful of white, and then of yellow, until all is used.—SUBSCRIBER.

BAKING POWDER.—7 ozs. of tartaric acid; 8 ozs. of soda; 8 ozs. of flour; mix well by putting through a sieve several times, or have your druggist mix it for you.

LEMON EXTRACT.—1 pt. of alcohol; 1 oz. of oil of lemon. Keep in a dark place.—BESS E.

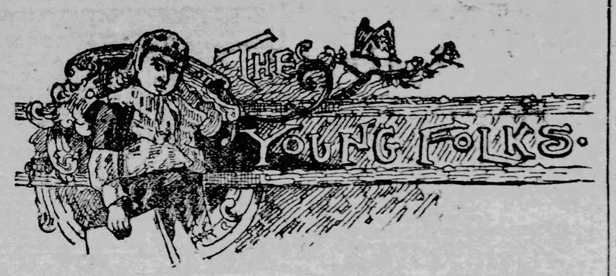
ANOTHER BAKING POWDER RECIPE.—9 ozs. of bicarbonate of soda; 4 ozs. of cream of tartar; 4 ozs. of tartaric acid; 10 ozs. of wheat flour. Cover closely (after thoroughly sifting) in air-tight boxes or wide-mouthed bottles.—IDA HAWTHORNE.

THOMPSON'S COMPOSITION POWDER.—8 lbs. finely prepared bayberry root bark; 1½ lbs. best ginger; 3 ozs. cayenne pepper; 3 ozs. cloves; all pulverized, thoroughly mixed and passed through a sieve.

TO DESTROY CURRANT WORMS.—Use hellebore powder mixed with flour in about equal parts. Sift it on while the bushes are wet. It is sure to do good work.—ROSEBUD.

CHEESE STRAWS.—Take a quarter of a pound of puff-paste and a quarter of an ounce of Parmesan cheese—or any other good cheese—grated very fine, a little salt and cayenne pepper mixed; sprinkle the cheese, salt and pepper over the paste and roll it two or three times; cut it into narrow strips about five inches long; bake them in a slow oven and send them up very hot.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Beat the yolks of 3 eggs very light, sweeten and flavor to taste, and stir into a quart of boiling milk. Cook till it thickens. When cool, pour in a low glass dish. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; sweeten, lay them in spoonfuls upon boiling water for two or three minutes, then put upon the custard for about apart so that the little white islands will not touch each other. A pleasing effect will be produced by dropping little specks of bright jelly on each island; also, filling wineglasses with it and arranging around the stand adds to the appearance of the table. Set upon ice to get cold.—M. E. S.



BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

COMO, MONTANA.	
Carrie Harlan	Willie Kemmish
Willie Harlan	Clatie Dinsmore
Edith Harlan	Fred Heath
Percy Zigler	Louie Goodno
Dan Zigler	Della Grimes
Dora Tabor	Clara Dawdy
May Tabor	Ray Cowan
Blanche Smith	Bertha Cowan
Fannie Smith	Claude Dawdy
Nat Smith	Alice Dawdy
Allie R Lagan	Hattie Dawdy
AUBURNDALE, O.	Charlie Grimes
Flora Ray	Edith Cox
COUNCIL GROVE, KAS.	Paul Draper
Etta Robisbn	ADELL, KAS.
Perry Robison	J W Walden
Arthur Robison	H Cressler
Clarence Robison	W E Cressler
C M Stiver	James McClure
Walter Stiver	Emory C Dodd
Charlie E Rees	Leon McCormack
NO ADDRESS GIVEN.	F W McClure
Harry Goodno	C C McClure
Ira White	Edgar McKinney
Harvey Hiles	Carrie McClure
Everet Hiles	Bessie McClure
Ralph Kirk	Mary Dodd
Albert Hiles	Ella A Walden
Johnnie Kirk	Laura A Walker
Florence Kirk	Nella H. Smith
Nina Dinsmore	Andy McClure
Cora Kemmish	Moody McClure

Names this week, 58. Total, 29,574.

The above embraces all names receiyed up to June 6.

For The Blade Young Folks.

For "Children's Day."

L. A. F.

HE fair and stately lilies bent their heads
In conscious pride,
And nodded to the roses that grew blushing
at their side;
"Dear little friends" they whispered, "We
wonder if you know
That 'Children's Day' is coming? for the
birds just told us so."

"Yes, we have had the tidings," said the roses, "from the bees—
They sent it 'round the garden by a most obliging breeze;
Who told us that the children would gather us that day,
To honor Him who made us, in the house where Christians pray."

Outside the wall, a daisy heard their words with rare delight,
"To honor Him," she murmured, "I will try with all my might;
Tho' I'm a common flower, and very plainly dressed,
I'm sure He will accept it, if I offer Him my best."

The birds, and bees, and breezes, spread the news wherev'r they went,
'Till to ev'ry plant that blossoms, the message had been sent;
And quickly each responded: "Because we love Him so,
To offer Him sweet incense in His house, we'll gladly go."

Three on "Children's Day" they gathered, the lilies and the rose,
Side by side with each shy beauty that in the woodland grows.
Each blossom had its station, each bud its own sweet place,
And hot-house bloom and daisies worshiped Him with equal grace.

We may learn from them a lesson, dear children, if we will:
Like them we have a mission—like them, a place to fill.
One, the lily's; one, the field-flower's; but be it high or low,
Each one is full of sweetness, if we try to make it so.

And like the modest daisy, if we freely give Him all,
The gift will be accepted, even if it's very small;
While their friendly blending shows us that all who hold Him dear
Are on an equal footing, when they meet to praise Him here.

BOX DAY.

Here is something for THE BLADE children to think of, and to do:

"Box day!" What kind of a day is that?" some one is saying. Well, just at this moment it isn't any day in particular; but we might call it March first every year. That's a dreary time, especially for sick people; dreary enough when they have good houses and loving care, and every sort of device to pass away and cheer the weary hours. Then how much more dreary for poor patients in the great charity hospitals, who are poor in all ways!

A while ago a woman, who has spent much time in hospitals, and has given freely her best self, her time and that most rare of all qualities, sympathy to the poor and sick and suffering, made her rounds on New Year's day, through one of the great hospitals in a large city. She had little money to spend for herself, or for any one else; but that day, on her way to the hospital, she bought a box of candy. The candy was good, but not of the very expensive kind, and it was put up in one of the paper boxes so very common everywhere, with an opening at each end and gaily painted sides. As she went into the first ward she opened her box, and laid on each bed as she passed by one sugar-plum. She said she thought she knew something of the delight a very little gift or a very little change of any kind can give to the sick poor; but her eyes filled and her voice broke as she told with what rapture and gratitude the one sugar-plum was received by the patients. They turned the little presents over and over, admiring their pretty colors and their shapes, and their thanks were profuse.

When she reached the last sugar-plum, she gave the box to the next patient. Her joy was pathetic. She turned it over and over in her thin hands, examined the curious fastenings at each end, fastened and unfastened them, admired and exclaimed over the picture on the side of a rosy little cherub holding an advertising card, and kept it by her, and often in her hand, night and day for weeks, until she died. Her precious treasure was but a common paper box, such as every family in moderate circumstances destroys by the dozen every year of their lives. Isn't it pathetic? Isn't it dreadful to think how every day is destroyed that which would give so much pleasure?

The Flower Mission, that most benificent, wide-reaching and lovely charity, grew out of one rose carried by a tender soul to the sick bed of a very poor woman. Why not have Box day from the one box of sugar plums? To establish a day to ask the kind women who, in every large city, carry on the flower mission, to add this one day more in the early, dreary spring to their other labors seems to be an easy matter enough. "But they are so busy now," some one will urge. Ah! yes, to be sure? but busy people always have time and to spare for all good work. Then let every family save all the boxes that come in from the candy stores, the fancy goods stores, etc. Into each one must be put something, not much; but something. Into one the spool of coarse cotton that got into your work-basket in some way, and that you never used and never will use. A cent or two will buy a crochet needle; put it in the box and shut it up, and slip a little scrap of paper under the fastening, and write on it what you have put in the box.

Into the next box put the ends of the boys' silk neckties and scarfs, a needle or two, a spool of cotton or silk, and a little stiff piece of paper cut round or in diamond shape. You have the materials for the beginning of a crazy quilt, that abomination for the women who do useful work; but what a resource for the hands the custard far enough apart so that the tired of doing nothing all day long! The pretty bits of silk alone would be treasures. So this might go on indefinitely, with no cost to the giver, with joy for the recipient; with no loss for the giver but a little thought, five minutes' time, and the great reward of a new breadth, a new tentacle of sympathy thrown out, a tender, loving thought for an unknown fellow-being.

What an education in political economy for the girls and boys to save the pretty Christmas cards, cards of all varieties, the dolls' clothes, the dolls themselves, the endless broken playthings now cast aside, thrown into the ash barrel, or the fire! Of no use and of infinite harm is this waste, since such disposal teaches us to destroy what is of no use to ourselves, rather than inculcate the idea that should be the first principle of the true American citizen, how to use property in the best way for individual interest and public prosperity. Then, besides all that, think of the joy of Box day to the poor, sick and helpless, to the little sick and crippled children; the pleasure in the unexpected revealings and the happiness of possession to those who find within their lives only their own sick bed, rows and rows of other sick beds, a blank wall, and that is all. Surely here is sufficient reason for Box Day.—[Cosmopolitan.

THE TWO SACKS.

There is an ancient legend that tells of an old man who was in the habit of traveling from place to place with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him.

In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were quite hid from view, and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging around his neck under his chin, he dropped all the sins which the people he knew committed; and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along day by day.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man wearing just like himself, a sack in front and one behind. He went up to him and began feeling his sack.

"What have you got here, my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

"Stop; don't do that!" cried the other; "you spoil my good things."

"What things?" asked number one.

"Why, my good deeds," answered number two. "I keep them all in front of me, where I can always see them and take them out and air them. See, here is the half-crown I put in the plate last Sunday; and the shawl I gave to the beggar girl; and the mittens I gave to the crippled boy; and the penny I gave to the organ grinder, and here is even the benevolent smile I bestowed on the crossing sweeper at my door; and—"

"And what's in the sack behind you," asked the first traveler, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end.

"Tut, tut," said number two; "there is nothing I care to look at in there! That sack holds what I call my little mistakes."

"It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other," said number one.

Number two frowned. He had never thought of that, though he had put what he called his "mistakes" out of his sight, every one else could see them still. An angry reply was on his lips, when happily, a third—also carrying two sacks as they were, overtook them.

The first two men at once pounced on the stranger.

"What cargo do you carry in your sack?" cried one.

"Let's see your goods," said the other.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger, "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"Your sack looks nearly touching the ground. It must be a pretty heavy weight to carry," observed number one.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger; "the weight is only such as sails are to a ship, or wings to an eagle. It helps me onward."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little good to you," said number two, for it appears to be empty, and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did it on purpose," said the stranger, for all the evil I hear of people, I put in there, and it falls through and is lost. So you see I have no weight to drag me down backward."—[Independent.

CURIOSITIES OF SOUND AND VIBRATION.

One person walking over a bridge, stepping slowly, does no injury, because after each step the bridge recovers before another step is taken; but when a large number of people step in time to music, we have combined motion, and the bridge has not time to recover between the steps. Hence during the passage of troops and all regulated processions over a bridge the music is stopped and the ranks broken, so that the weight of the crowd is evenly distributed; while some are putting their feet down others are lifting theirs up. Sometimes fearful accidents have followed when this breaking of step has not been observed. Once in France a very long bridge went down under a body of soldiers marching over in ranks, resulting in the death of nearly a hundred persons. There is far less danger when a bridge is crowded with people or cattle, or even many heavily laden cars, than when a few persons are walking over keeping step. The combination of force is so great and vibrations would increase to that extent that a small dog could rain the finest and largest bridge if he could trot back and forth, continually keeping the exact time.

Prince of Wales' Feathers.

The tradition is, that the Black Prince, having slain John of Luxemburg, King of Bohemia, in the battle of Cressy, assumed his crest and motto. The crest consisted of three ostrich feathers, and the motto was "Ich glieu" (I serve). John of Arden discovered a contemporary MSS. in which it is expressly said that this was the case; but much controversy has arisen on the question. Dr. Bell affirms that the crest is a rebus of Queen Philippa's hereditary title, viz., Countess of *ostrevant* (ostrich feather). Randall Holmes claims an old British origin; and the Rev. H. Longueville asserts that the arms of Roderick Mauve, prior to the division of Wales into principalities, was thus bazoned: Argent, three lions passant regardant, with their tails passing between their legs and curling over their backs in a *feathery* form —[Dry Goods Chronicle.

—Have you suffered long by reason of Malaria; tried everything, and finally come to the conclusion that "all men are liars?" Send one dollar to Dr. A. T. Shallenberger, Rochester, Pa., and get a bottle of his Antidote for Malaria. If not cured in a week, say so, and the money will be immediately returned to you.

An Elephant Hunt in Seattle.

Two elephants of a circus were being driven on board a steamer at Seattle, Wash., for a trip to Ferndale, when they refused to step on the gangplank, and both made a break up street. The largest, named Queen, was pursued by a crowd of men and boys into a lumber yard, where she made a stand and trumpeted several times. The crowd pressed her with clubs, and in a moment she charged them. In the scramble a big pile of lumber was upset, and four men were buried. After an hour's chase Queen was captured.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

Consumption Surely Cured:

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

His Complaint.

Mrs. Yeast—"You say you have trouble with your digestive organs?"

Tramp—"Yes'm."

"Does what you eat make you feel bad?"

"No'm; it's w'at I don't eat w'at makes me feel bad."—[Yonkers Srtresman.

—BEECHAM'S PILLS cure sick headache.

The Sunday School.

Trust in Our Heavenly Father.

LESSON XII, SUNDAY, JUNE 22, 1890.

Talmage's Sermon.

A RAINBOW ABOVE THE THRONE.

The Sign of Promise That all Trouble is Past—An Eloquent Discourse Preached by the Famous Brooklyn Divine.

BROOKLYN, June 8.—This is sacramental and baptismal day with the Tabernacle congregation, an occasion of especial impressiveness. The children were baptized before the sermon, and the sacrament administered after the sermon. The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was, "All troubles past," and the text Revelation iv. 3: "There was a rainbow round about the throne." Following is the sermon:

As, after a night of fearful tempest at sea, one ship, more stanch than another, rides on undamaged among the fragments of spars and hulks that float about, so old Noah's ark, at the close of the deluge, floats on over the wreck of a dead world. Looking out of the window of the ark, you see the planks of houses, and the sheaves of wheat, and the carcasses of cattle, and the corpses of men. No tower is left to tell the burial; no mourners to form in line of procession; no ground in which to bury the dead. Sinking a line 27 feet long, you just touch the tops of the mountains. Ghastliness and horror! The ark, instead of walking the sea, like a modern ship, in majesty and beauty, tosses helplessly; no helm to guide; no sail to set; no shore to steer for. Why protract the agony of the good people in such a craft, when they might in one dash of the wave have been put out of their misery?

His Bow in the Cloud.

But at yonder spot in the horizon we see colors gathering in the sky. At just the opposite point in the horizon other colors are gathering. I find that they are the two buttresses of an arched bridge. The yellow, the red, the orange the blue, the indigo, the violet are mingled, and by invisible hands the whole structure is hung into the sky, and the ark has a triumphal arch to sail under. An Angel of Light swings his hand across the sky, and in the seven prismatic colors he paints with pencil of sunbeam the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature. God lifted up that great arched bridge and set it over his own head in the heaven. John saw it, for he says, "There was a rainbow round about the throne."

I notice that none but the people who were in the ark saw the rainbow. It cast its shadow clear down into the water where the people were buried, and lighted up the dead faces with a strange radiance, but they could not see it. So only those who are at last found in Christ, the Ark, will see the overspanning glories of the throne. Hence you had better get into the ark! As you call your family out at the close of the shower to show them the sign in heaven, so I want you all at least to see the grander rainbow round about the throne. "Look there," says Noah to his wife, "at that bow in the clouds; and, Shem and Japhet, look! look!—the green, the yellow, the red, and the orange!" I should not wonder if some of your own children in the good land should, after a while, cry out to you, "Look, father! look, mother! there is a rainbow round about the throne!" You had better get into the ark, with all your families, if you want to see it.

I notice also that the chief glory of God comes after the rain. No shower, no rainbow; no trouble, no brightness of Christian consolation. Weavers are sometimes, by reason of their work, dusty and much in their apparel; and so is the coarse clad tempest, whose hand and foot swing the shuttle that weaves the rainbow. Many Christians are dull, and stupid, and useless because they have not had disaster enough to wake them up. The brightest scarf that heaven makes is thrown over the shoulders of the storm. You cannot make a thorough Christian life out of sunshine alone. There are some very dark hues in the ribbon of the rainbow; you must have in life the blue as well as the orange. Mingling all the colors of the former makes a white light; and it takes all the shades, and sadnesses, and vicissitudes of life to make the white luster of a pure Christian character.

Glorified Tears of Sorrow.

Your child asks you, "Father, what makes the rainbow?" and you say, "It is the sunlight striking through the rain drops." Therefore I wondered how there could be a rainbow in heaven, since there are no storms there; but then I conclude that that rainbow must be formed by the striking of heaven's sunlight through the falling tears of earthly sorrow. When we see a man overwhelmed with trouble and his health goes, and his property goes, and his friends go, I say, "Now we shall see the glory of God in this good man's deliverance." As at Niagara Falls I saw, one day, ten rainbows spanning the awful plunge of the cataract, so over the abyss of the Christian's trial hover the rich hued wings of all the promises.

I notice that the most beautiful things of this world are to be preserved in heaven. When you see the last color fade out from the rainbow of earth, you need not feel sad, for you will see the rainbow round the throne. That story about the world burning up has given me many a pang. When I read that Paris was besieged, I said, "Now the pictures and statues in the Louvre and Luxembourg will be destroyed; all those faces of Rembrandt, and those bold dashes of Rubens, and those enchantments of Raphael on canvas, and those statues of Canova." But is it not a more melancholy thought that ruin is to come upon this great glory of the earth, in which the mountains are the chiseled sculptures, and upon the sky, in which the "transfiguration" of sunrise and sunset is hung with loops and tassels of fire?

I was relieved when I found that the pictures had been removed from the Louvre and the Luxembourg, and I am relieved now when I think that the best parts of the earth are either to be removed or picutured in the good land. The trees must twist in the last fire—the oaks, and the cedars, and the maples; but in heaven there shall be the trees of life on the bank of the river, and the palm trees from which the conquerors shall pluck their branches. The Hudson, and the St. Lawrence, and the Ohio shall boil in the last flame, but we shall have more than their beauty in the river of life from under the throne. The daisies and the portulacas, and the roses of earth will wither in the hot sirocco of the judgment, but John tells of the garlands which the glorified shall wear; and there must be flowers, or there could be no garlands.

The rainbow on our sky, which is only the pillow of the dying storm, must be removed; but then, glory be to God! "there is a rainbow round about the throne." I have but to look up to the radiant arch above the throne of God to assure myself that the most glorious things of earth are to be preserved in heaven. Then let the world burn; all that is worth saving will be snatched out of the fire.

Stones of the New Jerusalem.

I see the same truth set forth in the twelve foundations of the wall of heaven. St. John announces the twelve foundations of this wall to be, the first, of jasper—yellow and red; the second, of sapphire—a deep blue; the third, a chalcedony—a varied beauty; the fourth, emerald—a bright green color; the fifth, sardonyx—a bluish white; the sixth, sardius—red and fiery; the seventh, chrysolite—golden hued; the eight, beryl—a bluish green; the ninth, topaz—a pale green mixed with yellow; the tenth, chrysoprasus—a golden bluish tint; the eleventh, jacinth—fiery as the sunset; the twelfth, amethyst. But these precious stones are only the foundation of the wall of heaven—the most inferior part of it. On the top of this foundation there rises a mighty wall of jasper—of brilliant yellow and gorgeous crimson. Stupendous cataract of color! Throne of splendor and sublimity!

You see that the beautiful colors which are the robes of glory to our earth are to be forever preserved in this wall of heaven. Our skies of blue, which sometimes seem almost to drop with richness of color, shall be glorified and eternized in the deep, everlasting blue of that fiery stone which forms the second foundation of the heavenly wall. The green that sleeps on the brook's bank, and rides on the sea wave, and spreads its banners on the mountain top, shall be eternized in the emerald that forms the fourth foundation of the heavenly wall. The fiery gush of the morning, the conflagration of the autumnal sunset, the electricity that shoots its forked tongue out of the thunder cloud, the flame at whose breath Moscow fell and Ætnas burn, shall be eternized in the fiery jasper. It seems as if all the earthly beauty were in one billow to be dashed up against that wall of heaven; so that the most beautiful things of earth will be kept either in the wall, or the foundation, or in the rainbow round the throne.

I notice the unspeakable attractiveness of heaven. In other places the Bible tells us of the floor of heaven—the waters and the stones and the fruits; but now St. John tells us of the roof—the frescoed arch of eternity and the rainbow round about the throne. Get a ticket and, carefully guarded, you go into the royal factory at Paris where the Gobelin tapestries of the world are made, and see how for years a man will sit putting in and out a ball of colored worsteds through the delicate threads, satisfied if he can in a day make so much as a finger's breadth of beauty for a king's canopy. But behold how my Lord, in one hour, with his two hands, twisted the tapestry, now swung above the throne, into a rainbow of infinite glory. Oh, what a place heaven must be! You have heretofore looked at the floor; this morning take one glance at the ceiling.

I notice what must be the feeling of safety among the people of heaven. Have you ever seen a cloud burst? There have been days when it rained as if it would never stop. You knew if it kept on in that way long all the nations would be drowned, yet you had no apprehension, for you remember the Bow of Promise painted on the cloud in Noah's time. So the glorified have but to look to the arch around the throne of the King to be reassured that the deluge of trial is forever past.

On Earth the Deluge of Sin

covers the tops of the highest mountains. I heard an Alpine guide, amid the most stupendous evidences of God's power, swear at his mule as he stumbled in the pass. Yes, the deluge of sin dashes over the top of the highest mountain ranges. Revenge, drunkenness, impiety, falsehood, blasphemy are but different waves of a flood that has whelmed nations. Kossuth's flag is rotting in it, Brooklyn is drowned in it, Boston is drowned in it, London is drowned in it, St. Petersburg is drowned in it—two great hemispheres are drowned in it. But the redeemed, looking unto the "rainbow round about the throne," see the pledge that all this is ended for them forever. They have committed their last sin and combated their last temptation. No suicide leaps into those bright waters; no profanity befouls that pure air; no villain's torch shall fire those temples; no murderer's hand shall strike down those sons of God. They know that for them the deluge of sin is assuaged, for "there is a rainbow round about the throne."

Now the world is covered with a deluge of blood. The nations are all the time either using the sword or sharpening it. The factories of the world are night and day manufacturing the weaponry of death. Throne against throne, empire against empire. The spirit of despotism and freedom at war in every land; despotic America against free America, despotic England against free England, despotic Germany against free Germany, despotic Austria against free Austria. The great battle of earth is being fought—the Armageddon of the nations. The song that unrolled from the sky on the first Christmas night, of "peace and good will to men," is drowned in the booming of the great siege guns. Stand back and let the long line of ambulances pass, groan to groan. Uncover, and look upon the trenches of the dead. Blood! blood!—a deluge of blood!

But the redeemed of heaven, looking upon the glorious arch that spans the throne, shall see that the deluge is over. No batteries are planted on those hills; no barricades blocking those streets; no hostile flag above those walls; no smoke of burning villages; no shrieks of butchered men; but peace! German and Frenchman, who fell with arms interlocked in hate on the field of death, now, through Christ in heaven, stand with arms interlocked in love. Arms stacked forever; shields of battle hung up. The dove instead of the eagle; the lamb instead of the lion. There shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount, for there is

A Rainbow Around the Throne.

Now the earth is covered with the deluge of sorrow. Trouble! trouble! The very first utterance when we come into the world is a cry. Without any teaching we learn to weep. What has so wrinkled that man's face? What has so prematurely whitened his hair? What calls out that sigh? What starts that tear? Trouble! trouble! I find it in the cellar of poverty, and far up among the heights on the top of the crags; for this also hath gone over the tops of the highest mountains. No escape from it. You go into the store, and it meets you at your counting desk; you go into the street, and it meets you at the corner; you go into the house and it meets you at the door. Tears of poverty! tears of persecution! tears of bereavement! the deluge of tears! Gathered together from all the earth, they could float an ark larger than Noah's.

But the glorified, looking up to the bow that spans the throne, shall see that the deluge is over. No shivering wretch on the palace step; no blind man at the gate of the heavenly temple, asking for alms; no grinding of the screw driver on coffin lid. They look up at the rainbow, and read, in lines of yellow, and red, and green, and blue, and orange, and indigo, and violet, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Thank God for the glory spanning the throne!

In our boyhood we had a superstition that at the foot of the rainbow there was a casket of buried gold; but I have to announce that at the foot of this rainbow of heaven there is a box made out of the wood of the cross. Open it, and you find all the treasures of heaven.

Oh, that our eyes may all look upon this bow of promise lifted by Christ's own hand! We shall trace the separate lines of beauty across the firmament. In the line of red I shall see the blood of my Lord; in the blue, the bruises that colored his cheek; in the green, the freshness of his grace; in the violet, his humility; in all that curve of beaty, the bend of his right arm of love swung over all the redeemed.

But mind what I told you at the beginning, and what I tell you at the close—that none but Noah's family in the ark saw the rainbow, and that only those who are at last in Christ shall discover it amid the glories of heaven.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

M. CHRISTICH'S DIVORCE.

The Woes of Milan and Natalie to Again be Heard.

The application filed by M. Christich, formerly prime minister of Servia, and later Servian minister to Berlin, for a divorce from his wife, Artemesia, has caused considerable surprise, not, however, because of any belief that his petition is groundless, but rather that he should at this late day take action that any self-respecting man in his well known position would have resorted to years ago.

It is a matter of notoriety that the political advancement of M. Christich, and his retention of the several high positions to which he was raised, were based soley upon his acquiescence in the scandalous relations existing between his wife and his sovereign, King Milan, and it is also equally well known that his social, and finally his official, ostracism in Berlin was due to his peculiar notion of his rights as a husband.

Furthermore, no part of Europe is in ignorance of the fact that Mme. Christich finally left the husband she had never been true to, and whose willingness to continue the beneficiary of her, infidelity most probably disgusted her to live openly with Milan, who was compelled to abdicate his throne by the popular and political clamor against his profligacy and immorality.

It was King Milan's relations with Mme. Christich, too, that formed the basis as well as the fabric of Queen Natalie's suit for divorce against Milan. Yet, with all these proofs forthcoming, M. Christich, as though still in fear of his former master, merely alleges an ungovernable temper on the part of his wife and her final desertion of his home as the grounds upon which he petitions for separation.

Ex-Queen Natalie is too keenly incensed against the unfaithful father of her son, the present king of Servia, to allow an opportunity for revenge to go by, and it is expected that she will contribute very largely to the sensational character of the revelations of the proceedings in M. Christich's action.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Swelling on the Colt's Ankle—Foul Yard in Gelding.

A. J., Kausas: For the swelling of your colt's ankle, if you are certain the bone is not involved, use Iodine, ½ oz.; soap liniment, 6 ozs. Use this twice a day. If this does not dissipate the swelling, you must resort to more vigorous measures, by using bin-iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 2 ozs. Rub in a little of the latter formula once a day, washing off with warm soap suds water before each application. The idea is to absorb the fluid in the puff on the ankle. This should be kept up for about a week, then heal with lard. If the swelling does not disappear after healing, it will be necessary to repeat the application. Before applying either of the above, foment the ankle with hot water for two hours once a day for two days. If you find the swelling working its way around the coronet, it will be safe to consider the case a more serious one than an ordinary swelling. To clean the yard and heal the tumors, first syringe with warm water and soap, or a thick solution of carbolic acid, 1 drachma to a quart of warm water. Then syringe over the sheath, chloride of zinc, 1¼ drachms; water 1 pint. The gelding may show pain under this, but it is the only way to get at the matter so that it will prove effectual.

Strangles.

A. L., Iowa: Your colt was attacked with a trouble called strangles. It undoubtedly caught cold and the result is a case of neglected catarrh. Wash the nostrils out by injections with syringe, of chloride of zinc, 15 grs.; soft water, 1 pt. Syringe this amount up the nostrils, once a day for four days. Give night and morning in gruel, sulphate of copper, ½ dr.; nitre, ½ dr.; powdered gentian, ½ dr. Give the above amount for four days; omit for a week, and repeat. Keep the colt away from draughts of air in the stable. Feed the colt nothing that has corn in it for a few weeks.

Mare That Kicks.

F. E. W., Nebraska: One way to break a horse from kicking is when you put him in the stall in the stable, have two ropes suspended from the floor above, so that they will reach well down below his hocks. To these ropes tie a round block of wood, well padded, about three feet long. The distance between the ropes should be about two feet eight inches. Arrange the block crosswise, about five inches from the legs. Now stand away and swing the padded block against the legs. Kicking will commence at once. The block, when kicked, will fly toward the ceiling, will return and hit the legs. The animal will kick again and keep on kicking until it finds there is no fun in it and will cease. This generally stops the kicking propensity. A method given by the "Farm and Stock Manual." Your beast would have a good pair of bits in its mouth, to which should be attached a strap or rope sufficiently long to reach back between and behind the fore legs about eight inches, and should pass through the girth of a surcingle. A loop should be made in this, the back end of the rope or strap, about two inches or more in length. Now take a rope about seven or eight feet long (the length of the rope will depend upon the size of the horse.) The rope should be long enough to allow of a free use of the horses hind legs in traveling. Pass one end of the rope around the leg, upon the inside, so the fastening shall come upon the outside, to prevent interfering and bring it around upon the outside of the leg, and pass the end over and around the middle of the rope and wind it round the rope upon the outside of the leg. Draw the noose up round the pastern—that is, between the fetlock and hoof and pass the unfastened end of the rope through the loop in the end of the strap which passes through the surcingle, and fasten the end round the other leg, as was done the first time in fastening. This mode of fastening is simple, is easily done and undone, and will not work off, provided the noose is drawn up tightly around the pastern. If you have a horse that is addicted to the unpleasant habit of kicking, this will work satisfactorily.

The Bordeaux Mixture.

J. R. T., West Virginia: The formula for making this popular fungiside for spraying grape vines to destroy brown rot, mildew, etc., is: Copper sulphate, 6 lbs.; lime, 6 lbs.; water, 22 gallons.

Cough in Mare—Runs at the Nose.

G. L., Hayes county, Nebraska: For the cough in your mare, give tar water ½ pint, powdered licorice ½ oz.; lime water ½ pint, powdered squills, 1 drachm. If the cough is obstinate, give three mornings in succession, then omit for three mornings and repeat. If one dose always the cough, give the after as occasion may require. For the running at the nose, sulphate of copper, 1 dr.; nitre, 1 dr.; powdered gentian, 1 dr. Make into a ball with linseed meal and give one night and morning for a week. Syringe the nostrils with chloride of zinc, 30 grs.; water, 2 qts. The distemper, of which your mare was troubled, resulted in inflammation of the windpipe and small air tubes leading to the lungs. Hence the cough. Give cough medicine before administering the other remedy.

Lice On Horses and Cattle.

W. G. C., Ohio: To get rid of lice on horses, take of powdered stavesacre seed, 6 ozs.; oil of origanum, 2 ozs.; cocoa butter, 12 ozs. Melt the stavesacre and butter over a half cold fire—heat only being desirable to keep the butter just liquid and no more, constantly stirring them for two hours; pour into a bowl, and stir in the origanum when nearly cold. It should be well rubbed into the parts affected every night, and the parts washed the following morning with washing soda and hot water. If chickens roost near the horses, remove them at once. In any event clean up the stalls thoroughly, whitewash and sprinkle with carbolic acid, 1 oz.; water, 1 gallon; stir it well. For lice on cattle, make a strong decoction of tobacco leaves, saturated with salt, with this the hide should be well saturated several times at intervals of three or four days. The repetion is necessary to destroy nits. The eggs of the lice all hatch out within a week or ten days.

Malted Barley for Stock.

J. E. W., North Dakota: It is claimed by some people that too liberal feeding of malted barley to stock will cause acridity in the stomach, resulting in debility and derangement of the system.

Jersey Cow Aborts.

Subscriber (address mislaid): It is doubtful if your cow will ever again bear a calf. A cow that has aborted as frequently as yours, nearly always becomes unfit to produce healthy calves. It is difficult at times to trace the cause of abortion. Improper food—wet or mouldy grain, ergated corn or rye, too much condition powders, too rich food (very likely this was the cause in your cow), blows on the belly, all predispose to slinking. You should call a veterinarian and have her examined. It may be that if you would put her out in the pasture for awhile until she gets reduced flesh, and then get a young and vigorous bull, she will come around all right, providing you do not get her fat again. A poor cow is a bad one to breed as well as a fat one. There should be a medium between the two extremes to insure success.

Mare With Hard Chill and Colic.

J. W., Greene county, Indiana: Unless the process of preparing your mare for the company of the stud was carefully done, there may have been injury to the procreative organs which would bring on colic, fever and other complications. As there is swelling and eruptions, you are advised to give this: Saltpetre, 2 ozs.; copperas, 2 ozs.; ginger, 1 oz.; fenugreek, 2 ozs.; anise, ½ oz.; gentian, 1 oz. Mix and divide into 8 powders. Give two each day. You should at once call a veterinarian to make an examination.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Feeding Chickens—How to Make a Feeding Coop.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I take pleasure in reading the valuable and instructive letters which appear in each issue of THE BLADE, since our kind editor has granted us the favor of space for that purpose. The farm and poultry department are very interesting to me. "Mr. J. M. K.," of Hill City, South Dakota, critizes me on the cost of feeding chickens. It is more than likely his figures are right, for by the reports in the papers they have to feed their poultry in his country the full twelve months in the year, and feed is very high up there, therefore, I shall not attempt to dispute him on that point, but would also say to him that grain and feed is cheap here in Burlington, Iowa. Oats from 15 to 20 cents per bushel, corn from 18 to 25 cents per bushel and cracklings $1.50 per cwt.

Another thing is, we only feed our poultry six months in the year, except the hens that are breeding and raising young chickens, for we have a good range for our fowls; therefore we do not have to feed our poultry every day in the year; that reduces the cost of feed nearly one-half. J. M. K.'s suggestion in regard to feeding young and grown chickens separately is a good one, and is the right way to feed chickens. I have prepared a feeding coop for that purpose. It is a cheap structure. Most any one that is raising young chickens can afford to have one. It is made in this way: Get common fencing six inches wide; rip the boards in two. That will give you strips three inches wide. Cut four pieces the length of a lath, and the side pieces may be eight or sixteen feet long, according to the size you want. Then nail the ends of these together by lapping them on top of each other, and in this way make two squares. Then take lath and cut into three lengths for the sides and ends, and put them one and three-quarter inches apart. That will allow the small chickens to go in for their feed. Put a partition across the coop, so that the larger chickens cannot get into that apartment. Then continue on putting your lath two and three-quarter inches apart. That will allow a larger size chicken to go in after feed. Then another partition, and so continue on by putting your lath three inches apart. In this way you can class your young chickens in three different sizes while feeding them. Make your feeding coops so that the old females cannot get the feed away from the little chickens, and also no danger of them tramping the little ones to death. Make the coop just as wide as a lath is long. Put lath over the top close enough together so that the old and large fowls cannot get down between. Then put a strip of board lengthwise of coop, under center of lath, so as to support the center of the lath. By making a feeding coop, in this way you can put feed in so that your little chicks can get it whenever they feel like eating; and, also, you can keep plenty of water in each department for the little ones to drink, and they will not be disturbed by the old fowls.—S. A. K., Pennsylvania.

Little Chicks—Good Brooder.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I have read so many good things in the poultry department that I want to ask if any of the readers can tell me why I lose so many little chicks from 4 days to 2 weeks old? I hatch them with an incubator, and raise them with a brooder. They have good ventilation and plenty of room, and good care and plenty of fresh water. I fed my first ones hard boiled eggs and bread crumbs at first, and when they died I thought perhaps it was that, but it seems not, as I did not feed the last brood that, but fed them oatmeal, cracked wheat, etc. I am careful not to give too much. I feed at 6 a. m., 10 a. m., 12 m., 3 p. m. and 5 p. m. Can it be that I feed too often?

I have a good brooder, I think; can give directions for making it, if desirable. [Send it if you can give it free to the readers.—Ed.]

I trust some of the readers of THE BLADE FARMSTEAD can tell me why my chicks die. They seem all right until they are about 4 days old, then they droop their wings, and have no appetite, and get a diarrhœa and die. I have given lime water, but it does not seem to do any good.—DAPHNE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Alive With Aphidæ.

It is with alarm and a feeling of helplessness that the *R. N. Y.* finds that rye, oats and wheat in many fields are alive with aphidæ. A few days ago as we were walking along an oat field, it was observed that many of the blades were brown at the tips and downward. An examination showed that the injury was being done by lice. Further on a rye field was examined. From two or three to thirty were found on nearly every head, which they evidently preferred to the leaves. The injury that such fields will sustain from these insects remains to be seen. If they merely feed upon the outer husks of the heads, the grain may escape material injury. It is probable, however, that as the glumes become firmer and less tender with age, the lice will attack the stems and leaves. Tobacco water and the kerosene emulsion will kill them by contact. The question (unanswerable as yet), is how may they be enonomically applied?—[Rural New Yorker.

Golden Rod Honey.

When free from admixture with any other kind of honey, is of a peculiarly bright straw color, rather thin in texture, and has a flavor, when first gathered, decidedly resembling a weak decoction of the plant, and is as little inclined to granulate as any other honey with which I am acquainted, says a correspondent in *American Bee Journal*. I have had it remain liquid a year or more, but it is not often that we can get it pure and mixture with other honey, because boneset, wild celandine, wild asters, etc., all bloom about the same time with golden-rod. Honey from wild asters will granulate in a very short time, whether in the comb or out of it. Aster honey, when free from admixture, is very white—I think that it is as white as linden honey, and, when first gathered, it has a sort of spicy flavor, which is very pleasant, but it disappears after granulation.—[Orange Judd Farmer.

Thinning Fruit.

A gardener asks for some rule in thinning fruit for the distance at which the fruit should be allowed to remain. In answer—the distances will vary with the size of the varieties, and with the intended uses of the crops; but as a general or approximate rule, large peaches should be four or five inches apart on trees bearing branches and small or early ones three or four inches; pears should be at quite as great distances, with more variation for differences in size, for while such diminutive pears as the Summer Doyenne need not be more than two or three inches apart, the Angoulome should be at least six inches. Plums may be rather less than peaches, but the necessity of thinning is even more urgent, to save from rotting. Any orchardist may have observed the improved quality, as well as size, in apples with a moderate crop, and should thin accordingly. It should not be forgotten or overlooked that fruit properly thinned is so much improved in quality, as well as size, that no loss in the magnitude of the crop occurs, and a positive gain in quality and price is secured by thinning.—[Country Gentleman.

Cutting Oats.

With many farmers oats are raised almost entirely for feed, and it is desirable to use them in a way so as to derive the largest amount of benefit. Cut at the right stage the straw contains considerable nutriment. The difficulty in feeding unthreshed oats is that they will eat the heads and waste the straw. This may be obviated to some extent by cutting, curing and stowing away the same as hay. Yet even then there is a considerable waste that it is desirable to avoid. For this reason it will be best to use the cutting box, running the oats through it before feeding. In this way all will be eaten up clean, and the saving in waste will pay for the cost of cutting, while the value of the feed is increased because a better opportunity is afforded of making combinations.

It is necessary, if the best quality of feed is secured, to cut at the proper stage. If cut too green there is loss in the grain, while if delayed until the seed has matured the straw will loose much of its value, turning to wood. Cutting just after the seed has fully formed, and before the grains have hardened is the best stage, and the nearer they can be cut to this stage the better the quality for feed.

Oats, like clover, should, if possible, be cut and cured without getting wet. They need to be thoroughly cured before they are stored away, as they will mold if put into the barn or stack damp. With the mower, rake, hay-fork and carrier, they can be put away at a low cost, or if stacked in the field the mower, gatherer and stacker can be used. They must lay and cure longer than hay, and thus the principal objection to this plan is that a shower will seriously damage. If cut and bound, they must be carefully shocked up and capped and let stand three or four days, so as to cure it well before hauling in. Then if run through a cutting box and fed in tight mangers, they make a very cheap feed and are of good quality.

It is best to prepare ahead, get the cutters and arrange a time in which to start. Where a considerable number of stock is to be fed, the power cutters will be found the most economical, but for a small number a heavy hand cutter can be used, and can be made profitable. More profit can be secured from oats in this way than to thresh and feed the grain and let the stock eat what they will of the straw.—[Cor. Prairie Farmer.

Grover Takes an Outing.

ExPresident Grover Cleveland arrived at Marion, Mass., June 7, having been a passenger on the steamer Pilgrim, of the Fall River line. He will spend the greater part of the summer there.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

THE HOUSE SILVER BILL.

SILVER IN THE HOUSE.

An Important Debate in that Body Over It.

The Republican Representatives went into caucus on June 4 immediately upon the adjournment of the House, to consider the silver question. It had been announced in advance by the leaders that the real purpose was a conference rather than a formal caucus.

Chairman Conger, of the Coinage committee, opened the proceedings by setting forth the urgent reasons for passing a bill that should relieve the country from the present contractions of the currency. He desired, above all things, that any silver bill that should become a law should be distinctly a Republican measure; and he trusted that the party alignment would be preserved. He understood that a considerable number of Democrats stood ready to vote for a free-coinage bill, and in the event that a sufficient number of Republicans were led off to carry such a proposition, it would be claimed as a Democratic measure, a thing to be deprecated.

Representative Payson followed with a savage attack upon the caucus bill, which he said was a delusion and a snare. It failed to meet the wishes of the western people and he could not support it under any circumstances unless it remonetized silver. At this point it was suggested that there was no definite proposition before the caucus. So Representative Buchanan, of New Jersey, submitted a motion that the caucus bill as it stood be reindorsed. Much talk followed and developed an adversity of views.

Representative Walker (Mass.) submitted a proposition which in effect proposed a reference of the bill back to the former caucus committee, with instructions to report a bill which will place gold and silver on a parity, by allowing the issue of certificates to an unlimited extent on the deposits of either metal, at the market value.

The silver men immediately made the objection that there could be no parity as long as the privileges of free coinage accorded to gold was denied to silver.

Representative Dorsey (Neb.) submitted as a substitute for the caucus bill a draft of a bill which he proposes to introduce in the House. It provides that any holder of American silver may deposit it in the treasury and receive full legal tender certificates on the basis of the market price of silver; that sufficient bullion shall be coined to meet the needs of redemption and that the national bank note redemption fund shall be covered into the treasury.

Representatives Perkins (Kas.) attacked the mono-metallists in a vigorous speech and noted his objections to the bullion redemption features of the caucus bill.

Finally Representative McKinley came to the front with a compromise proposition. He proposed that the treasury shall purchase $4,500,000 worth of American silver each month; that the certificates in payment therefor shall be of full legal tender qualities, redeemable in lawful money and that silver bullion may be coined to meet the demands of redemption. His proposition also contained the national bank redemption fund feature of the Dorsey bill, and also a provision that when gold and silver reach par there shall be free coinage. It omits the bullion redemption provision of the caucus bill, and was, therefore, immediately assailed by several members on that account.

Speaker Reed led the attack, and after making a speech in favor of including the bullion redemption feature, a vote was taken, resulting in its insertion in the McKinley substitute. The substitute as amended was then adopted.

An effort was made to secure the passage of a resolution binding the Republicans to support in the House this last caucus measure.

Representative Payson submitted a proposition contemplating a recognition of the right of Republican members to offer amendments to the bill when it comes before the House. This was negatived, and when the caucus adjourned there was a good deal of confusion in the minds of members as to whether or not they were bound to support the caucus proposition. The committee on Rules will decide when the bill shall be brought up in the House.

In the House on June 5 Mr. McKinley, from the committee on rules, reported a resolution providing that the House shall proceed to-day to the consideration of a House bill 5,381 (the silver bill) and that the consideration shall continue until Saturday at 3 p. m., when the previous question shall be considered as ordered.

The previous question having been ordered on the resolution, 40 minutes' debate was allowed.

Mr. Blount, of Georgia, had no objection to the time limited for debate. But he was informed that the chairman of the committee on Coinage, Weights and Mesures would be allowed to offer all the amendments which were admissible under the rules of the House.

When these were offered there would be left no opportunity to the minority to offer any amendment. There would be given no opportunity on the part of the minority to ask the House to vote on the free coinage of silver.

At the Republican caucus there had been much discussion, and it was necessary to whip in the friends of free silver, by means of this resolution. It was a wicked, shameful outrage on the minority.

There were many men in the other side of the chamber who would vote for free silver but for fear of the President. The President was in accord with the secretary of the Treasury and both were in accord with Wall street.

In the presence of the President and the enemies of free coinage, the Republicans who favored free silver were driven to trampling down the rules of the House. It was a humiliating sight to an American citizen. If the majority and the President yielded to the money power, the masses of the people would hereafter dictate and enforce legislation in their interests. But, regardless of the opposition, the resolution making the silver bill a special order, was adopted; yeas, 120, nays, 117. Mr. Blount voted the affirmative, and moved a reconsideration, but his motion was tabled.

In the Senate.

The silver bill was taken up in the Senate on June 5, and Mr. Hiscock addressed the Senate in opposition to the free coinage of silver. He believed that a majority of the people were opposed to opening the mints of the United States to the free coinage of the world's silver. In his judgment, the national conventions of both political parties would, by decisive majorities, repudiate such a proposition. The last Democratic national convention had ignored the question altogether; and the Republican national convention (if the proposition had been submitted to it) would have rejected it by an overwhelming majority.

The Bill Modified.

Before the beginning of the debate on the silver bill in the House on the 7th, at the request of Mr. Payson, of Illinois, Mr. Conger, in charge of the bill, modified his substitute so as to provide that the treasury notes issued in pursuance of the bill shall be a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, striking out the following words: "Except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract."

Mr. Payson said that he realized that the substitute would in substance pass this body, and it would be done in obedience to public sentiment, which he believed to be unniversal in favor of a lager use for silver as a money metal and of a further increase of the currency of the country.

The Result of the Discussion—The Substitute Bill.

All interest in legislative circles is now centered in the House, where the silver question is being discussed. When the order of business had been adopted on June 5, the caucus bill, a substitute for House bill 5,381, was read, as follows:

Be it enacted, etc., that the secretary of the Treasury is directed to purchase from time to time silver bullion to the aggregate amount of $4,500,000 worth of fine silver in each month at the market price thereof, not exceeding $1 for 371.25 grains of pure silver, and to issue in payment, for such purchases of silver bullion, treasury notes of the United States, to be prepared by the secretary of the Treasury, in such form and of such denominations not less than $1 nor more than $1,000, as he may prescribe.

Sec. 2. That the treasury notes issued in accordance with the provisions of this act shall be redeemable on demand, in coin, at the treasury of the United States or at the office of any assistant treasurer, and when so redeemed may be re-issued; but no greater or less amount of such notes shall be outstanding at any time than the cost of the silver bullion then held in the treasury purchased by such notes; and such treasury notes shall be a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract, and when so received may be reissued and such notes, when held by any National Banking Association, may be counted as a part of its lawful reserve: *provided*, that upon demand of the holder of any of the treasury notes herein provided for the secretary of the treasury may, at his discretion and under such regulations as he shall prescribe, exchange for such notes an amount of silver bullion which should be equal in value at the market price thereof on the day of exchange to the amount of such notes presented.

Sec. 3. That the secretary of the treasury shall coin such portion of the silver bullion purchased under the provisions of this act as may be necessary to provide for the redemption of the treasury notes herein provided for, and any gain or seigniorage arising from such coinage shall be accounted for and paid into the treasury.

Sec. 4. That the silver bullion purchased under the provisions of this act shall be subject to the requirement of existing law and the regulations of the mint service governing the methods of determining the amount of pure metal in the bullion and the amount of charges or deductions, if any, to be made.

Section 5 repeals conflicting acts.

SEC. 6. That whatever the market price of silver as determined in persuance of section 1 of this act is $1 for 371.25 grains of pure silver it shall be lawful for the owner of any silver bullion to deposit the same at any coinage mint of the United States to be coined into standard silver dollars for his benefit, as provided in the act of Jan. 18, 1837.

Sec. 7. That upon the passage of this act the balances standing with the treasurer of the United States to the respective credits of National banks for deposits made to redeem the circulating notes of such banks and all deposits thereafter received for like purposes shall constitute a part of the treasury as a miscellaneous receipt, and the treasurer of the United States shall redeem from the general cash in the treasury the circulating notes of said banks which may come into his possession subject to redemption; and upon the certificate of the comptroller of the currency that such notes have been received by him, and that they have been destroyed and that no new notes will be issued in their place, reimbursement of their amount shall be made to the treasurer, under such regulations as the secretary of the Treasury may prescribe. There is hereby appropriation hereby created, to be known as "National bank notes: redemption account," but the provisions of this act shall not apply to the deposits received under section 6 of the act of June 20, 1874, requiring every national bank to keep in lawful money with the treasurer of the United States a sum equal to 5 per centum of its circulation, to be held and used for the redemption of its circulating notes; and the balance remaining of the deposits so covered shall, at the close of each month, be reported on the monthly public debt statement as debt of the United States bearing no interest.

Sec. 8. That this act shall take effect 30 days from and after its passage.

Mr. McComas, of Maryland, moved to amend the substitute by adding to section 6 the words, "and the purchase of silver bullion shall be suspended while it is being so deposited for coinage.

Mr. Taylor, of Illinois, offered an amendment to the original bill, providing that if the net amount of silver bullion received shall be less than $2,000,000 in any one month, the secretary of the treasury shall on the succeeding month purchase a sufficient amount to supply the deficiency.

Mr. O'Donnell of Michigan moved to amend the amendment by striking out $2,000,000 and inserting $3,000,000.

Mr. Conger of Iowa said that the time had come when something should be done that should be wise, conservative and judicious, and at the same time liberal, comprehensive and courageous. The bill before the House was not entirely satisfactory to himself, but it was the bill which the majority believed would greatly improve the present status and make a long stride in the direction the government ought to go. He believed in silver and believed the country should have free coinage at the fixed ratio at the earliest possible day, but it should be reached under conditions that were safe and permanent. This bill was a long step toward free coinage. If passed, it would pave the way for a succeeding Congress to open the doors, rehabilitate the white metal, and clothe her with dignity now enjoyed by her yellow sister. He spoke of a lobby maintained by mine owners demanding free coinage of silver immediately. This was not in the interest of bi-metallism, but in the interest of a single silver standard. A single silver standard would Mexicanize this country.

Mr. Lind, of Minnesota, was the first speaker to-day. He represented, he said, an agricultural district,

The majority resolution, seating McDuffie was agreed to—yeas 130, nays 113—and Mr. McDuffie appeared at the bar of the house and took the oath of office.

NOMINATIONS.

The Latest Appointments to Office by the President.

The President to-day sent to the Senate the following nominations on June 4:

W. Henry Byres, surveyor general of Oregon; Nehemiah Davis, receiver of public moneys at Fargo, N. D. Registers of land offices—Charles Ragsdale, Marysville, Cal.; Waldo M. Peters, Fargo, N. D.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Resume of Daily Proceedings for the Past Week.

WASHINGTON, June 2.—A conference was ordered on the naval appropriation bill, and Messrs. Hale, Allison and Gorman were appointed conferees on the part of the Senate.

Among the bills reported from committees and placed on the calendar were the following:

Senate bill extending the jurisdiction of the Circuit and District courts of the United States to the great lakes and their connecting waters; Senate bill for the reappraisal and sale of the unsold portions of the grounds and buildings of the Dearborn Arsenal, Mich.

The conference report on the military academy appropriation bill was presented and agreed to.

The conference report on the army appropriation bill was again taken up and the question in regard to the provision as to canteens was discussed—the conference report being to the effect that no intoxicating drinks should be supplied in canteens or in traders' stores in states or territories where prohibition legislation exists. The report was agreed to—yeas 35, nays 8—the nays being Senators Blair, Colquitt, Dixon, George, Hale, Sanders, Teller and Turpie.

The silver bill was again taken up, and Mr. Harris addressed the Senate. He said that he should vote for free coinage of silver, and if he failed in securing that he should support the nearest approximation to it that he might be able to secure.

In the House the rules were suspended, and the House passed a bill granting to the Portland & Puget Sound Railway company the right of way through the Puyallup Indian reservation; also a bill transferring the expense of the trial of Indians for crimes committed on Indians in the territories from territories to the United States.

The following bills were passed: The Senate bill granting an American register to the steamer Australia, of California; to ratify an agreement entered into by Commissioners of New York and Pennsylvania in regard to the boundary lines between those States; providing for an additional associate justice of the Supreme court of New Mexico; creating a new division of the eastern judicial district of Tennessee; increasing to $270,000 the limit of cost of the public building at Duluth, Minn.; increasing to $175,000 the limit of cost of the public building at Fort Worth, Texas; the Senate bill for the relief of the board of commissioners of the sinking fund of Louisville, Ky.; Senate bill dividing the judicial district of Kansas into two divisions.

On motion of Mr. Morrow, of California, the Senate bill was passed relieving the Union Iron works, of San Francisco, from certain penalties (amounting to $33,000), incurred in the construction of the Charleston.

Among the bills reported in the Senate unimportant bills were passed and the Senate silver bill was discussed.

In the House the Turpin-McDuffie contested-seat case was discussed.

WASHINGTON, June 3.—In the Senate a resolution was agreed to for an inquiry into the management of the fish commissioner's office.

The presiding officer announced as the select committee on the bill for the establishment of the University of the United States Messrs. Edmunds, Sherman, Ingalls, Blair, Dolph, Harris, Butler, Gibson and Barbour.

The fortification bill was then taken up, the pending question being to strike out two items for the Watervliet, N. Y., arsenal ($83,763) for the erection of the south wing and $750,000 for machinery for 12-inch guns), and inserting in lieu of them the following:

"For boring and turning lathes, rifling machine, and 80-ton traveling crane fully equipped for the manufacture of 12-inch guns at Watervliet arsenal, New York, $285,400." The amendment was agreed to and the bill passed.

In the House McDuffie was seated by a vote of 151 to 113.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—In the Senate the Senate silver bill was discussed. In the House the Republican House caucus silver bills was discussed.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—In the Senate a new conference was asked on the dependent pension bill.

The silver bill was taken up and Mr. Plumb addressed the Senate. The House devoted the day to discussing the House silver bill.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—In the Senate the House bill increasing the limit of cost of the public building at Duluth, Minn., from $150,000 to $270,000 was reported and placed on the calendar.

The following bills were passed: The Senate bill to provide an additional associate justice of the Supreme court of the territory of Arizona; the House bill relieving the Southern exposition at Louisville, Ky., from liabilities for duties on certain goods from Russia sent for exhibition.

The Senate bill to pay the representatives of James and William Cruikshank, of Canada, $5,000 for the value of a vessel seized by the United States vessel on Lake Ontario on June 5, 1812, twelve days before the declaration of war. A provision in the bill allowing interest was stricken out.

Other bills passed was as follows: House bill as to fees of judicial officers in New Mexico and Arizona—with substitute allowing the marshals and district attorneys of New Mexico and Arizona to retain their fees and emoluments enough to make their compensation $6,000 a year each, if such fees and emoluments are sufficient therefor. Senate bill to ratify and confirm certain agreements with the Cœur d'Alene Indians in Idaho territory; Senate bill for the relief of Major Bush, army paymaster; Senate bill to provide for the compulsory education of Indian children; House bill to grant right of way through the Indian Territory to the Atlanta, Guthrie & Western Railway company; House bill to prevent desertion from the army, by withholding part of the soldier's monthly pay as a deposit, etc.

In the House before the beginning of the debate on the silver bill at the request of Mr. Payson, of Illinois, Mr. Conger, of Iowa, in charge of the bill, modified his substitute so as to provide that the treasury notes issued in pursuance of the bill shall be a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, striking out the following words: "Except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract." The discussion on the silver bill then continued and the measure passed, 135 to 119.

On final passage eight Republicans, as follows, voted with the Democrats against the bill: Anderson, of Kansas; Bartine, of Nevada; Carter, of Montana; Kelley, of Kansas; Rockwell, of Massachusetts; Townsend, of Colorado; Turner, of Kansas, and Wilson, of Washington. Burrows and Dennett, Wilson, of Missouri, voted with the Republicans on the passage of the bill.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—In the Senate Mr. Call offered a resolution (which was referred to the committee on Foreign Relations) requesting the President to institute negotiations with the government of Spain for such modifications of the treaty with that government as will enable American cattle to be shipped from Florida and elsewhere in the United States relieved from the present oppressive rates of duty and on such terms as may be reciprocal between Cuba and the United States.

The Senate silver bill was then taken up, and Mr. Cockrell addressed the Senate. At the close of Mr. Cockrell's speech, the House silver bill was laid before the Senate, and was ordered printed and laid on the table.

Mr. Vest, in pursuance of the notice given by him last Saturday, asked the Senate to take up and consider the bill reported by him from the select committee on the transportation and sale of meat products "to prohibit monopoly in the transportation of cattle to foreign countries;" and stated, as a reason why action should be taken immediately, that the tariff bill (as he had been informed by a member of the finance committee) would be before the Senate within a week.

Mr. Stewart asked unanimous consent that on Friday next at 3 o'clock the senate shall vote on the silver bill and all amendments proposed.

The presiding officer (Mr. Ingalls) suggested that there should be at least a quorum present when unanimous consent was asked.

Mr. Stewart—"Then I give notice that when the bill is taken up to-morrow I will ask unanimous consent to have a time fixed for taking the vote."

Mr. Vest's bill was then taken up and a discussion of its provisions was carried on between Mr. Vest in defense of them, and Mr. Hoar and Hiscock in attack upon them.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Comstock, of Minnesota, the title of the silver bill passed Saturday was amended so as to read as follows: "Directing the purchase of silver bullion and the issue of Treasury notes thereon and for other purposes."

Mr. Lodge, of Massachusetts, offered the following resolution: That the secretary of the Treasury be directed to inform this House whether it is true that the Cunard Steamship company on Saturday last refused to obey the order of the officers of the United States to give return passage to certain immigrants landed at New York by said company in violation of the contract labor laws of the United States, and if so what steps, if any, to refuse entry to steamships of said company until said company has complied with the laws of the United States and made due reparation for their refusal to obey the orders of the officers thereof. The resolution was referred to the committee on foreign affairs.

The floor was then accorded to the committee on the District of Columbia. Several district bill were passed and then the House took a recess—the evening session to be for the consideration of the private pension bills.

No private pension bills were passed at the evening session (owing to objection made by Mr. Enloe, of Tennessee), but about thirty-five went over with the previous question ordered.

The Lunch Stands and Cigar Stores Must Seek Other Quarters.

Speaker Reed has decided that when the present session of Congress comes to an end, all the cigar and curio dealers, the lunch fiends, and the telegraph offices now in the corridors and lobbies on the House side, shall incontinently be fired out. He says these people and their places mar the interior of the structure, and in that he is probably correct.

THE PENSION BUREAU.

The Attack on Commissioner Raum Will Fall.

The Democratic conspirators who hope to make political capital out of an assault upon the administration of Commissioner of Pensions Raum will be able in a little while to give a very good illustration of the effects of a boomerang. Without instituting comparisons with any of Gen. Raum's Republican predecessors it can truthfully be said that so far as honest dealing with the veterans is concerned this is the ideal department.

Never before has there been less red tape; never before has there been more consideration for those who became maimed and halt and blind through the results of active treason; never before was there a more carefully and lawfully equitable adjustment of the claims of the widow and the fatherless. Representative Cooper, of the Fifth Indiana district, ought to know this if he knows anything, but he has allowed himself to be made a catspaw of some of the more wary Democrats; the monkeys who think there may be chestnuts in the fire, but who do not care to burn their own paws in raking over the coals.

The idea that Gen. Raum gave any claim agents preferences in the consideration of cases cannot be other than ludicrous to those who know anything of pension matters.

If one man's claims were pushed ahead at least forty or fifty employes of the Pension Bureau would have to know it and any reasonable man can figure out how long the secret could be kept from anti-administration newspapers, which are always ready to pay more than liberally for anything that looks as though it would besmirch the powers that be. You can freely bet your money on the honesty of Green B. Raum.

Alien Landlordism.

Representative Oates, of Alabama, from the committee on the Judiciary, has reported to the House the bill to prohibit aliens from acquiring title to or owning lands within the United States. An elaborate report accompanied the bill. In it the committee says:

The power of the government to totally exclude aliens from coming within its jurisdiction, as has been done in the case of the Chinese, no one questions. This sovereign power certainly includes the lesser ones of defining what property rights they may exercise, after they are admitted and during the continuance of their alien condition. Your committee ascertained, says the report, with reasonable certainty that certain noblemen of Europe, principally Englishmen, have acquired and now own, in the aggregate, about 21,000,000 acres of land within the United States.

We have not sufficient information to state the quantity owned by untitled aliens, nor is it so important, as it is generally held in smaller bodies. This alien non-resident ownership will, in the course of time, lead to a system of landlordism incompatible with the best interests and free institutions of the United States. The format on of such a system is being laid broadly in the western states and territories. The avarice and enterprise of European capitalists, the vast combinations have caused them to invest many millions in American railroad and land bonds, covering perhaps 100,000,000 acres, the greater part of which under foreclosure sales will most likely, before many years, be transferred to these foreign bondholders, in addition to their present property possessions. * * * This aggressive foreign capital is not confined to the lands it has purchased, but overlapping its boundaries has caused hundreds of miles of the public domain to be fenced up for the grazing of vast herds of cattle, and set at defiance the rights of honest, but humble settlers.

The bill proposes to place these aliens under the disabilities of the civil law as to all future attempts to acquire lands in this country. In other words, the bill is a declaration against absentee landlordism. It declares all foreign-born persons who have not been naturalized incapable of taking title to lands anywhere within the United States except a leasehold for not exceeding five years, and it has no retroactive, but a prospective operation. It also contains a provision which will compel alien land owners to cease to be such or to become citizens of the United States within ten years.

The bill, the report says, would prevent any more abuses like that of a Mr. Scully, who resides in England, and is a subject of the Queen, but owes 90,000 acres in Illinois occupied by tenants, mostly ignorant foreigners, from whom he will pass into the hands of the Standard trust interest.

The companies are the Forest, the Union, the Anchor and the Washington, together with the smaller interests attached to them. The amount involved in the transaction will reach several millions of dollars, and a large proportion of the current production and of the most promising lands in the petroleum region will become the property of the controlling refining company.

STRUCK ON THE ROCKS.

The City of Rome Has a Narrow Escape From Destruction.

The Anchor Line steamer City of Rome from New York, arrived at 10 o'clock on June 8 at Liverpool. The vessel had a narrow escape from destruction at Fastnet. She made land in a dense fog at 4 o'clock Sunday morning. She was going slow and taking soundings, when, notwithstanding the care exercised, she struck Fastnet Rock, about three miles seaward off Crook Haven, bow on.

For a time there was a panic on board, the density of the fog adding to the ominous character of the situation. The passengers were finally quieted by the repeated assurance of the commander and other officers of the steamer. The full extent of the damage will not be ascertained until the vessel is docked at Liverpool.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Pardoned the Duke.

President Carnot has granted a pardon to the duke of Orleans, who was sent to prison in February last, for violating the decree of exile issued against the members of his family. The duke was will be conducted to the frontier during the night.

The Duke of Orleans arrived in Brussels on June 5. He was met at the railway station by one of the royal carriages and conveyed to the palace, where he took breakfast with King Leopold.

Louise Michel Insane.

M. Constans, French Minister of the Interior, has ordered that Louise Michel be liberated from prison. The doctors declare that she is suffering from lunacy. M. Constans has given her the option of remaining in prison or going to an infirmary until cured.

Cannot Check the Slave Trade.

A letter from Major Wissman, Imperial German commissioner to East Africa, has been received at Berlin in which he states that the presence of cruisers on the East coast of Africa is not sufficient to stop the slave trade which is being carried on there in spite of all the efforts made to suppress it.

English Imports.

The returns issued by the London board of trade show that during the month of May the imports decreased 1,490,000 pounds, and the exports increased 2,520,000 pounds, as compared with the corresponding month last year.

Emin Bey in Good Health.

Major Wissman, Imperial German commissioner to East Africa, has arrived at Suez from Africa on his way to Berlin. He reports that Emin Pasha, when he started for the interior of Africa, was enjoying fine health.

The opposition leaders in the congress at Madrid have promised to support the labor bills.

A silver lode yielding 45 per cent of pure metal has been discovered in the bed of the river Donetz, in Southern Russia.

An excellent yield of cotton has been obtained from American seed in Turkestan and other provinces beyond the Caspian.

A Nebraska Town Destroyed.

Bradshaw, a hamlet of some 400 or 500 inhabitants, about fifty miles west of Lincoln, Neb., was swept awa yon the night of June 3 by a cyclone.

The storm struck the town at 8:30 Tuesday evening, coming from the southwest. Scarcely a moment's warning was given, the roar of the whirlwind being the first notice that the terrified people heard. It struck the town fairly, and there was not left a single building. Every business house was made a total wreck, and the principal street was filled with the ruins.

In the extreme western part of the village a few houses are left with a semblance of their former appearance, but they are without windows and doors, and their contents were scattered broadcast over the prairie.

The depot building was crushed into kindling wood, and every car standing there was wrecked except one that was loaded with stock, and which was blown without leaving the track, to York, a distance of nine miles.

It was found that a Russian settlement near the town was struck, and the report is that nine persons were killed outright.

The physicians say that in all 12 are dead, 8 mortally wounded and perhaps 21 hurt, more or less seriously.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE CENSUS OF OHIO.

Secretary Ryan Arranges for Its Immediate Publication.

Hon. Daniel J. Ryan, Ohio's secretary of State, has been in Wrshington on an important mission. His purpose was to obtain data for publishing the census of Ohio immediately after the reports of the government enumerators are filed. A special appropriation has been made by the state, the only one of the kind known, to secure in separate and compact form all of its statistics in advance of the general publication.

Secretary Ryan, in a visit to Superintendent Porter, was accompanied by Congressman Thompson, the latter urging that Secretary's request be granted. This Mr. Porter agreed to upon a full explanation of the circumstances. The secretary of State acknowledged his obligation to Judge Thompson and Superintendent Porter, both of whom, he said, deserved the thanks of the people of Ohio for their promptness.

The compilation of the Ohio statistics will commence next week, and they will include matters of the greatest interest to the state. The wealth of each county and municipality for the past ten years, with a table of increase, also the county and municipal indebtedness for the same period, with maps, will be among the first compiled. In addition to these the tax of the state, county, city and township for the past decade will be shown. The important feature of the work, and one that will be looked for with interest, is the reports of population, given by precincts and wards.

This will be presented just as soon after the enumerators report as possible. The report will also contain special statistics in mines and mining, manufactures, receipts and expenses of the state government for the past ten years. Altogether it will be an enterprising, valuable and timely contribution to the official literature of Ohio, and the secretary of State deserves credit for his thoughtfulness and industry in promoting it. R. P. Porter, superintendent of the census, is in hearty sympathy with the project.

OHIO WOOL GROWERS.

They Hold a Meeting and Discuss the Tariff Bill.

The wool growers held a meeting at Columbus, O., on June 5 with the president and secretary of the national association and president of the Ohio association present. The wool men are not satisfied with the McKinley tariff bill, for the reason that its provisions will, under a recent ruling of Judge Butler, of the United States court at Philadelphia, admit clothing wool at a duty imposed on coarse carpet wools.

An effort will be made to get the Senate to so amend the bill as to remove all doubt on this point and make plain the clause defining carpet and clothing wools.

Judge Lawrence, in a speech, insisted on an amendment that would effectually stop the importation of clothing wool, classified as carpet wool. Judge Lawrence and Columbus Delano were appointed a committee to prepare resolutions expressing the views of the association on the question.

AN OIL DEAL.

The Standard Reported to be After More of the Smaller Fish.

Negotiations are now pending in a transaction which may prove to be one of the most important operations recorded in the history of petroleum. They have reached a stage which forbids the idea of their failure, although all the necessary details have not been completed. There is every prospect that an early date the control of the four largest oil producing companies which own territory in Pennsylvania and West Virginia will pass into the hands of the Standard trust interest.

The companies are the Forest, the Union, the Anchor and the Washington, together with the smaller interests attached to them. The amount involved in the transaction will reach several millions of dollars, and a large proportion of the current production and of the most promising lands in the petroleum region will become the property of the controlling refining company.

A Cottage Presented to Mrs. Harrison at Cape May.

It has been known for some time that the President's family will spend the heated months of this summer at Cape May, but an incident occurred on June 7 which will be as much of a surprise to the friends of the administration as it was to the inhabitants of the White House themselves.

Last summer Mrs. Harrison spent some time with Mrs. McKee and her children as the guests of Postmaster General Wanamaker in a cottage at Cape May Point. Mrs. Harrison enjoyed herself so thoroughly during this brief visit to the seaside that she was profuse in her acknowledgements of Mr. Wanamaker's hospitality.

When the announcement was recently made that Mrs. Harrison and the rest of the family would not go to Deer Park this summer, but that they intended to spend their vacation by the seaside, the postmaster-general recalled Mrs. Harrison's enjoyment on the Jersey coast last summer.

The result of this was that Editor McKean, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, accompanied by Postmaster General Wanamaker, called upon Mrs. Harrison at the White House. There Mr. McKean, on behalf of a number of subscribers to the gift, whose names are known, presented Mrs. Harrison with the deed and keys to the cottage at Cape May Point, where she enjoyed herself last summer. Mrs. Harrison was overcome by surprise. She is however, greatly delighted with the gift, and is especially proud because of the fact that this is the first piece of real estate she has ever owned in her own name.

The cottage is a large, old-fashioned building containing about twenty rooms, and it is probable that Mrs. Harrison will visit Cape May Point within a week or two to inspect her new possession, and to make preparations for residing there during the summer.

As the impression grows that Congress will not adjourn until September, the probability grows stronger that the President himself will be compelled to remain in Washington during most of the hot weather. Thus it becomes doubly pleasant to know that the ladies of the families will be able to escape the heat of a Washington summer.

E. H. COWLES SHOT.

The Son of a Noted Ddiitor Has Domestic Trouble.

A sensational abduction took place in Cleveland, on June 2, in which Eugene H. Cowles, the eldest son of the late editor, Edwin Cowles, figured prominently. Cowles is a man of about 40, wealthy, and his family are of the most respectable in the city. He married a daughter of E. B. Hale, the banker. They have one child, a little girl. Of late Mr. and Mrs. Cowles have not been living together, as the result of domestic difficulties which bid fair to render the separation permanent.

Cowles has been in Lockport, N. Y., a great deal. When here the child was with him with its mother's consent. Sunday the little girl spent with her father. Monday morning Mr. Cowles sent word to his wife that he was about to leave town permanently and would like the privilege of saying good-bye to his child at the train. Accordingly, Cowles's sister, the child's aunt, took her to the depot with him. He talked a little while to his daughter, and as the train was about to move out of the depot, exclaimed, "Come on, little girl; you are going with me."

"Indeed, she is not; she is going home with me," exclaimed the aunt, grasping one of the child's hands, the other being held by the father.

The excitement drew a crowd around the carriage in which the child and her aunt had driven down.

"The child is mine and I will have her," exclaimed Cowles, as he began dragging the little one toward the train. "I will shoot anyone who attempts to interfere with me."

The frightened aunt let the child go by default, she was so unstrung by the occurrence. The train moved out of the depot, and the aunt, jumping into the carriage, drove home as fast as she could to tell the distressing news to the child's mother. On her arrival the excitement ran high. Mr. Cowles's father-in-law went down town and sought legal advice. Instantly a writ of habeas corpus was taken out and the sheriff started in pursuit of the father and child.

A detective was detailed on the case and he succeeded in tracing Mr. Cowles to Niagara Falls and from there to the Welland hotel, St. Catherines, where he was found. He afterwards left for Toronto with the child.

Sunday afternoon a tragedy was enacted on one of the principal streets of Montreal. It was the outcome of the Cowles abduction case. Cowles and his wife had not been living together for some time. About two weeks ago he was attacked with a severe hemorrhage of the lungs at Lockport, N. Y., where he is engaged in business. Feeling the necessity of going West for his health, he made a visit to Cleveland to bid his mother and friends good-bye. When he left there Monday he took with him his little daughter Florence, aged about 10 years, unknown to her mother.

The child's absence was soon discovered and a search for her begun. When Mrs. Cowles learned that her husband had taken Florence with him, she at once began suit for divorce, and an order was issued by the court giving her possession of her daughter pending the hearing of the case. Mr. Cowles went from Cleveland to Toronto, and Mrs. Cowles, accompanied by her attorney, Judge J. E. Ingersoll, her sister, and her brother, followed in order to regain possession of the child. In the meantime, Mr. Cowles had come with his daughter to Montreal, where he was overtaken by them.

Ten years ago Cowles was married to Miss Alice Hale, daughter of E. B. Hale, banker. For about five years all went well, when Cowles began to absent himself from home, alleging that business called him to Philadelphia and New York. Instead of this he used to go to the Iroquois hotel, where the woman Wilson was stopping. On one occasion, when in Europe, Cowles cabled to his wife to come to his side, saying he was sick.

She did go, accompanied by her child, but he no sooner received her than he left her and returned with a strange woman to America and registered in a hotel in the Catskill Mountains as man and wife. On another occasion he lived with her in San Francisco, alleging that she was his wife, and they occupied adjoining rooms. The father of Cowles, during this absence of his son, became suspicious of him and, meeting his daughter-in-law, questioned her whether she had had any trouble with him. Receiving a reply in the negative, he told her that if at any time any trouble should arise she was at once to communicate the fact to him, because he believed he had more control over his son than anybody else had. Last October she discovered what she believed to be his treachery, and called on his father, when the son was cut off with $2,500 a year, the bulk of the money going to his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Cowles and her brother, E. C. Hale, went in a cab to talk over his strange actions. While there Cowles attempted to draw a revolver to shoot Mrs. Cowles, whereupon he fired at him. The wound is not fatal.

A commission of physicians has been named to examine Cowles to-morrow to ascertain if he is in fit condition to come into court. If so the case of Hale will at once go to the grand jury, and if a bill be found against him he will be tried at once. None of the party will leave Canada till everything is finally settled.

Judge Ingersoll at present engaged with the Canadian counsel making out a plan of defense for Hale. It will be that the shooting was done in self-defense. It is known that Cowles had a revolver in his pocket when brought to the hospital, and that there was some injury to his shoulder as if a struggle had taken place in the cab.

THE STOCK YARDS SALE.

It Continues to be a Topic of Conversation.

If present indications are to be relied upon the stock of the Union Stock Yards & Transfer company at Chicago will pass into the hands of the English syndicate that has been negotiating for it before the first of July. Upon the testimony of one of the highest officers of the company the only thing that can prevent the transfer is the withdrawal of the offer by the English capitalists.

By far the greater number of the owners of stock, in fact enough to furnish the 90 per cent of stock required by the Englishmen, look at the proposition with the utmost favor and are willing to part with their holdings on the terms offered. The offer of the City of London company, to which the stock of the yards will undoubtedly pass, was first made known officially to the smaller holders through President Thayer's circular.

The larger stockholders, who live in Eastern cities, have known of the offer for some time and favored it from the first, although a previous proposition from the same syndicate was rejected. Fully 80 per cent of the stock of the stock yards is held in New York and New England. Some of the Eastern stockholders are said to have already filled out their contracts and returned them to President Thayer. Nearly all of the Western stockholders are of the same disposition.

IT HAS ITS DRAWBACKS.

Irish Saloon Keepers Will Not Buy English Syndicate Beer.

The English syndicate, it seems, has its drawbacks. In some lines the very fact that it is an English syndicate is a drawback. It has proved to be so in the brewery business. There are a good many Irish saloon keepers, in Chicago and almost without exception, they decline to buy beer of English syndicate breweries.

So strong is this prejudice, that an effort is being made to create the impression that the syndicate which bought out several Chicago breweries and malt houses is an American and not an English syndicate. There is good reason to believe, however, that it was an English syndicate that bought the properties.

The Louisiana Lottery Fight.

The text of the proposed lottery amendment has been made public under the following caption:

An act providing for the submission to the electors of the state for adoption or rejection, an amendment to the constitution of the state by inserting therein:

An article on levees, schools, charities, pensions, drainage and lotteries.

Be it adopted, said amendment shall read: "In aid of the levees, schools, charities, pensions and drainage."

The proposed amendment embraces a contract between the state and John A. Morris, and associates, under which for lottery privileges for 25 years from January 1, 1894, Morris & Co. agree to pay the state $25,000,000 or $1,000,000 per annum, payable quarterly.

Provision is also made for the expenditure of the money to be received by the state annually, as follows: Public schools, $850,000; levees, $350,000; charities and pensions, $200,000; city of New Orleans for drainage and sanitary purposes, $100,000.

ILLINOIS DEMOCRATS.

A Halcyon and Vociferous Time at Springfield.

At the Illinois Democratic state convention at Spaingfield, June 5, the following letter from Grover Cleveland was read and greeted with hearty applause: "I have received your invitation to attend the Illinois Democratic state convention on June 4 next. I note with much pleasure your declaration that the state of Illinois is by nature and inheritance Democratic. Such a sentiment and the evident determination which prompts this utterance give hope that the Illinois Democracy will, after years of exclusion, come into its 'inheritance' and successfully claim its own. If this comes to pass the Illinois Democratic troop may well insist upon the right of the line when a general engagement takes place.

"With my deep interest in all that concerns Democratic success I should be glad to be present at a convention which promises such results as the one you have determined upon, and yet I cannot help thinking there ought to be there purely and exclusively the counsels and the sentiment of Illinois Democrats. The rest of us will be ready to applaud if you will give us the chance. I have made all my arrangements to leave for a long vacation within a day or two of the date of your convention, and for that reason, if for none other, I am prevented from accepting your courteous invitation. Hoping that the most wisdom may prevail, and that the convention may prove to be the first stage of a campaign which will be crowned with success, I am yours very truly."

Judge E. S. Wilson, of Olney, was nominated on the first ballot for state treasurer, and Henry Raad, of Bellville, was nominated by acclamation for superintendent of public instruction.

Richard Morgan, of Livingston; John H. Bryant, of Bureau county, and N. W. Graham, of Jackson county, were nominated for trustees of the state university. A resolution indorsing General Palmer was passed amid applause, and General Palmer was cheered to the echo on his appearance. He delivered a short speech, setting forth his position in accepting the nomination.

There was discussion on the silver plank of the platform, which was finally adopted, favoring liberal coinage of silver and a resolution indorsing Chicago and the world's fair passed unanimously. The convention was the largest and most enthusiastic the Democrats ever held in the state.

The resolutions adopted begin by reaffirming the Democratic national platform of 1888 and follow with this tariff plank:

Realizing that a tariff is a tax we insist now, as heretofore, that such revenue as is required to honestly and economically administer the government, should be raised from internal revenue taxes and duties on articles of luxury, thus exempting and making cheaper all articles needed by the masses of the people.

The platform then denounces the admission of the Republican Senators from Montana as a fraud, arraigns the Republican party for not equalizing state taxes so as to compel large corporations and trusts to pay their portion of the common burden; demands the abolition of truck stores and insists upon numerous other specific enactments asked by coal miners; favors the eight-hour work day; condemns the McKinley bill as a crime and conspiracy to impoverish the masses and enrich manufacturers already millionaires, favor the Australian ballot; pledges the Democratic party to reverse the existing policy of depositing the state funds in banks ouside of Illinois.

The platform denounces the pending ship subsidy bill in Congress and advocates the state preparing and furnishing school books at actual cost.

Democrats in Maine.

At the Maine Democratic state convention at Augusta, on June 5, F. W. Hill, of Exeter, was nominated for governor.

The platform adopted reaffirms the principles of the national Democratic platform of 1888 and maintains with Grover Cleveland that unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation; that taxation shall be reduced to the needs of an economical operation of the government; that such reductions shall be made on the necessaries of life in common use by the people. The platform continues:

At the last presidential election the Democratic candidate's majority of 16,000 was set aside by the corrupt purchase of fifty floaters in New York and Indiana by the Quays and Dudleys, and Harrison is in the chair as the result of this purchase, a crime only equalled by the counting out of Tilden. Since his accession to power he has distributed the offices, rewarded the men who furnished the corruption funds and muzzled the press by subsidizing its editors with large offices, and the Republican leaders in Congress propose to enact a tariff not for revenue only even for protection, but as a job to procure means with which to purchase the next election at the polls.

We believe in an honest and impartial enforcement of all laws on the statute book and in an honest civil service, honestly observed and not prostituted to party.

The platform further calls upon the Legislature for the enactment of a law for the settlement of labor troubles by arbitration; points with pride to the party's effort to secure anti-bribery laws in Maine; and gives pledges to secure enactment of a secret ballot act, and to support all constructive means for the improvement of labor. The Republicans of the state are arranged for hypocrisy on the liquor question, which the platform touches on as follows:

We recognize the evils of intemperance, and sympathize with all honest, well-directed efforts to eradicate them, and in support of this we appeal to the thoughtful men and women of Maine that the true enforcement of prohibitory laws has been, with few exceptions, at the hands of Democratic officials.

The soldier and sailor are then remembered, and the platform concludes as follows:

We point with pride to the administration of Grover Cleveland, and contrast his manly efforts directed for the welfare of the people with those of President Harrison, whose every pledge is violated in an attempt to perpetuate his party in power.

After considerable debate, a minority resolution to resubmit the prohibition constitutional amendment to the people was defeated—273 to 176. The convention then adjourned.

Alabama Republicans.

The Alabama Republican State convention adopted a platform endorsing the administration of President Harrison, and declaring in favor of a protective tariff.

Mr. Springer Renominated.

The Democratic convention for th Thirteenth Illinois Congressional district renominated Hon. William M. Springer for the ninth term.

DOING A BIG BUSINESS.

Sixty Arrests to Be Made for Refusal to Answer Census Enumerators.

The United States district attorney's office at New York was crowded on the morning of June 9, with census enumerators, who had come to lodge complaints against certain persons whose stubbornness and refusal to answer questions render it next to impossible to complete the taking of the census within the prescribed time.

Warrants were issued in 35 cases and they were handed to U. S. Marshal Jacobus for execution. These disposed of in a very short time, 25 more were issued, and as many officers sent out to serve them. There will be busy times in the federal building for some days to come.

A Flood in Barrie, Ont.

The most disastrous flood that ever visited Barrie, Ontario, took place on June 5 in consequence of two days' of heavy rain. The main drain caved in Wednesday and was consequently of no use in carrying away the tremendous flood that came down from the hills along the roads like immense rivers.

All the streets in the central portion of the town were completely submerged, and the principal business thoroughfares presented an awful sight last evening. The water was fully two feet deep and many stores were flooded.

The vast body of water which rushed down carried everything in its path to the bay. The railway track was washed away and traffic is blocked. A number of freight cars were washed into the bay. The rainfall was phenomenal. The loss to the town was estimated at about $60,000.

Off for the Behring Sea.

The United States steamer Rush has sailed for Behring Sea. One of her officers said he expected very few seizures would be made this season, as the government had assumed positive attitude and few sealers will risk seizure by hunting in the Behring Sea.

A STRAW VOTE.

In the Maine and Illinois Democratic State Conventions.

At the Illinois Democratic convention held in Springfield, politicians were busy gathering opinions as to the choice of the delegates for president and vice-president in 1892. Of the 600 delegates Grover Cleveland was the first choice of 521, while Hill came in at the close with only a total of seven votes. The vote of 67 for Palmer was complimentary, and the Palmer men are Cleveland Democrats. The result of the poll was:

For President.

For Cleveland	521
For Palmer	67
For Hill	7
For Abbett	3
For Whitney	2
Total	600

For Vice-President.

For Gray	361
For Palmer	113
For Morrison	76
For Black	30
For Stevenson	21
Total	600

At the convention of Maine Democrats Cleveland distanced Hill in the poll for first place, while Governor Campbell, of Ohio, came in first for second place, as follows:

For President.

Cleveland	186
Hill	28
Carlisle	5
Whitney	20

SECOND CHOICE.

Cleveland	34
Hill	60
Campbell	9
Carlisle	16
Whitney	12
Voorhees	2
Gray	3
William L. Putnam, of Maine	3
Palmer, of Illinois	1
I. R. Mills	2

For Vice President.

Governor Campbell, of Ohio	73
Carlisle	38
Putnam	37
C. M. Black	12
Gray, of Indiana	16
Whitney	11
Mills	11
Palmer	11
Senator Hearst	7
Ex-Governor Plaisted	5
Senator Turple	3
W. E. Russell	3
Senator Regan	2
Breckinridge	2
Thurman	4
Bayard	2
Voorhees	1
Flower	1
Hill	1
S. C. Allen, of Maine	1

THE OREGON ELECTION.

A Republican Victory for All Officers Except that of Governor.

Hermann, Republican, for Congressman, is elected by at least 7,000 majority. Pennoyer, Democrat, for governor, will have from 1,500 to 2,000 major ity. The legislature will stand: Senate, Republicans, 22; Democrats, 8. House, Republicans, 28; Democrats, 22. The Republicans carried all the state offices except governor by from 4,000 to 6,000.

OREGON IS ON EARTH.

Congressman Hermann Talks of His Re-Election.

Congressman Hermann is the first member of the fifty-second congress to be chosen, and his majority, which is the largest that Oregon ever gave to anybody, is not only a high personal compliment to him, but a favorable omen for the Republicans. Oregon has always been considered a doubtful state, carried now by one party and then by the other, and invariably claimed in advance by both.

As soon as the House passed the McKinley bill, Mr. Hermann speaking and voting for it, the Democrats were lond in their claims that they would capture the Congressman from the far off state. The result of the Oregon election would be the handwriting on the wall to the Republican party. The votes have been counted, the returns are in, and the boot is on the same leg as before, only more so.

Mr. Hermann was first elected to the Forty-ninth congress by a plurality of 1,700. This grew to 7,000 two years ago, and now he is returned by a plurality of more than 10,000. Mr. Hermann, with whom your correspondent talked to-day, thinks by the time all the back counties are in it will reach nearly or quite 11,000, which is something phenomenal for Oregon.

It is true the Democrats got the governor but they had him before. Pennoyer was elected four years ago and has been re-elected, by about the same majority as Hermann. Pennoyer is now speaking of this. Mr. Hermann said: "Pennoyer has made a very acceptable governor and is personally popular. He is a shrewd politician, a good 'mixer,' and thoroughly versed in the art of ingratiating himself into the favor of the people. Some of his official acts, notably his veto of the 'Bull Run water works bill," to protect the people, as he claimed, from the extortions of capital, gave him an advantage, which he made the most of on the stump. During all the campaign Pennoyer never once perped into the question of the tariff. He was too shrewd for that. He knows that the people of Oregon are in favor of protection, and he only sought to make make votes on local and personal issues. In the campaign for governor there was very little politics.

"The party fight was for Congressman. This was waged squarely on the tariff issue, and the verdict is most emphatic. We flooded the state with copies of McKinley's speech by the tens of thousands. My friends—for I have not been in Oregon for half a year—talked tariff, and nothing else, on the line of the McKinley bill, free sugar and all. The Democratic candidate and his lieutenants preached the gospel of tariff for revenue only pure and simple. The result is not more gratifying to me than it must be to Republicans, for the majority is thousands larger than we expected. In Oregon at least there are no symptoms of the havoc and devastation in the Republican party that the Democrats so freely prophesied would be the effect of the McKinley bill."

For the Chicago Fair.

Gustavus Goward, formerly secretary of the United States legation at Tokio, Japan, left Washington on June 4 with credentials from the State department on a singular mission. Mr. Goward has been designated as a special commissioner to proceed to Japan and arrange for a Japanese exhibit at the Chicago fair. He is instructed to arrange for the exhibition of a complete Japan